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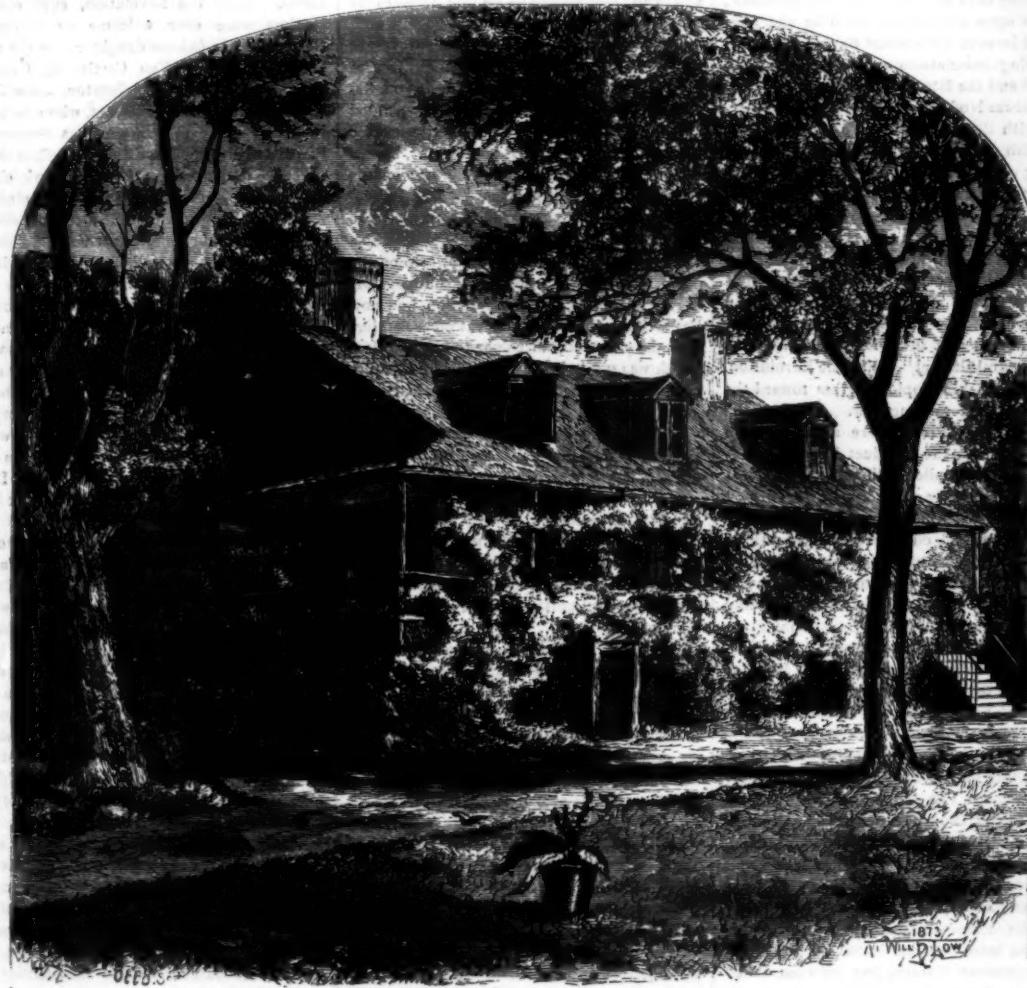
[VOL. IX.

## WAYSIDE RELICS.

IV.

### *VAN CORTLANDT MANOR, AT CROTON LANDING.*

THE Van Cortlandt manor-house, at the mouth of the Croton River, is one of the | uresque in form, it harmonizes with its nat- | edge, and shaded by magnificent trees. These | ural surroundings. It stands on the northern | stand far enough from the mansion, as all



VAN CORTLANDT MANOR-HOUSE.

oldest edifices now remaining on the borders of the Hudson. It was built by John Van Cortlandt, son of the first lord of the manor, early in the last century. Quaint and pict-

shore of Croton Bay, near the foot of an abrupt slope of a high wooded hill, that shelters it from the keener blasts of winter. Before it is a fine lawn gently sloping to the water's

trees ought to, to allow free play upon it for the warm sunshine and the fresh air.

The manor-house was built for the two-fold purpose of a country residence and a

fort. Its solid walls of gray stone, three feet in thickness, were pierced with loop-holes for musketry. Some of these may yet be seen in the rear walls. It has a high basement; a second story, which includes the principal apartments; and a third, lighted by dormer-windows. Around the front and ends of the mansion is a broad veranda, shaded by trailing vines. From it the eye may take in, at a glance, Croton Bay (the Kitch-ta-wan of the Indians, so called on account of the abundance of wild-fowl that frequented it), over which stretches the Hudson River Railway; Croton Point, so famous for its grapes and wine; the broad expanse of the Tappan Sea, made classical by the genius of Irving; and the Hudson River, with both its shores, as far down as Dobb's Ferry on the east, and Point-no-point on the west. Turning to the right, and looking over Croton Point (Se-nas-quas), the high and rugged range of Tom Mountain, extending back of the village of Haverstraw, breaks upon the vision, while in the foreground is seen Haverstraw Bay, famous with clustering associations with the treason of Arnold and the fate of André.

Eastward of the mansion, and lying parallel with the Croton, is a spacious garden, rich with choice flowers and table delicacies. A long walk leads through this garden to the ancient ferry-house, about which gather memories of incidents of the old War for Independence. A pleasant road leads up to the high-bridge over the Croton at the old head of navigation—a rickety structure, which seemed ready to tumble into the stream more than a dozen years ago. This is the famous bridge so often spoken of in narratives of events on the "Neutral Ground" during the Revolution. The bay is making rapid progress toward the condition of a salt meadow. In 1840, the swollen Croton River broke away the dam connected with the aqueduct by which New-York City is supplied with water, and swept down into the bay an enormous quantity of earth. Where the shad and herring fishery was once carried on successfully, is now an oozy marsh; where vessels before rode at anchor, green grass may now be seen at low tide. Into the mouth of that bay, according to the leagues, latitude, and topography given in the log-book of the navigator, Henry Hudson sailed and anchored the Half-Moon at sunset, on the 1st of October, 1609, or about a hundred years before the manor-house was built.

The Van Cortlandt manor was a thing of growth like that of Livingston. In the year 1688, Stephen Van Cortlandt, on the death of his father, Oloff Stevensen Van Cortlandt (the first of the family who came to America), purchased of the Indians Verplanck's Point and the lands eastward of it. To this was afterward added, by purchase, other lands, until the domain extended along the river, from the mouth of the Croton on the south, to the present dividing-line between Westchester and Putnam Counties on the north, and eastward a day's walk of an Indian, or twenty miles. It included eighty-three thousand acres. The proprietor was a leading man in the city of New York, where he had held the office of mayor for several years, and was a member of the governor's council and colo-

nel of the provincial militia. His father had been equally distinguished in the civil affairs of the province, under the Dutch rule, and was one of the six commissioners chosen to meet the English deputies at the house of Governor Stuyvesant, in the Bowery, to treat concerning the surrender of New Netherland to the English troops in 1664. He was a descendant and representative of the dukes of Courland, in Russia. His ancestral name was Stevens or Stevensen, to which he suffixed Van (of or from) Cortlandt, and so originated the present family name. The true orthography is Korte Landt—short land—referring to the shape of the duchy.

At the time of his first purchase, Stephen Van Cortlandt was forty years of age. He had married Gertrude Schuyler, of Albany, by whom he had eleven children. These intermarried with the Bayards, De Peysters, Beekmans, De Lanceys, Skinners, Johnsons, and Van Rensselaers—leading families in wealth and social position in the colony.

Van Cortlandt purchased from Governor Dougan the domain of Kitch-ta-wan, where that functionary seems to have begun improvements, for tradition says he planted apple-trees not far from the site of the manor-house. A variety of the fruit, known as the "Dougan apple," is yet grown on the estate. The principal sachem of Kitch-ta-wan, when the purchase was made, was Croton, who had a fort on the Point, with a salt meadow on one side and a swamp on the other, as a defence for his rich domain against hostile intruders. A large Indian bow now lies across a pair of magnificent moose-antlers over the main entrance-door to the mansion, which was given, it is said, by that sachem to the first lord of the manor, and has been handed down to the present proprietor.

Late in the century, when Stephen Van Cortlandt was full proprietor of the grand domain, it was erected into the lordship and manor of Cortlandt, by royal charter, bearing the date of June 17, 1697. That charter, written on parchment, and preserved at the manor-house, with the circular tin-box containing the crumpled royal seal, has upon it a well-engraved portrait of the grantor, King William III.

Stephen Van Cortlandt was constituted the first lord of the manor; and over the extensive forests of Cortlandt, celebrated for their fat venison, he was made "the sole and only ranger, to have and enjoy all the perquisites, etc., that of right belonged unto a ranger according to the statutes and customs of England." He was also invested with the privilege of sending a representative to the Provincial Assembly, and also of holding, in "said lordship and maner a court leet and court baron." The manor was held by the feudal tenure of paying annually to the crown, "upon the feast-day of the Annunciation of the Blessed Virgin Mary," a rent of forty shillings.

In 1734 a division of the estate was made between the surviving children and grandchildren of the first lord of the manor. Each heir received about eight thousand acres. To Philip Van Cortlandt, the oldest surviving son of the first proprietor, fell the dwelling which his eldest brother John had

built at the mouth of the Croton, and the lands around it. He married Catharine De Peyster, and, on the failure of heirs male to his elder brother John, he continued the family line. After his death, in 1748, his property was divided among his six children. His fifth son, Pierre, ultimately became the oldest surviving representative of the family, and heir-at-law of the entail.

The manor-house is distinguished not only for its antiquity but for the character of its tenants, its guests, and its scenes. Its earlier owners were notable men in the annals of the province and State of New York. Doubtless at the table there, sat most of the provincial governors, from Hunter and Ingoldsby down to Colden, at the kindling of the Revolution, with whom the Van Cortlandts sympathized. The career of Leister had drawn party lines very distinctly, and some of the governors could not have been welcome at the manor-house. After the Revolution, such stanch patriots were ever welcome as Governor George Clinton (whose daughter was the wife of Colonel Philip Van Cortlandt), General Schuyler, Robert R. Livingston, John Jay, and others. "Citizen" Genet, who also married a daughter of Clinton, was frequently there, and also distinguished travellers from abroad. Colonel Brant, the Mohawk chief, dined there once under peculiar circumstances. One Sunday, while attending divine service in a little church near Croton, Colonel Van Cortlandt saw a well-dressed Indian leaning upon a window-sill listening to the sermon. On learning that it was Brant, who was stopping at a tavern near by, he sent an invitation to the chief to come and dine with him. The late war became a topic for conversation. The colonel had once chased Brant, and had been conscious that Indian sharpshooters had attempted to kill him while he was leaning against a tree. When the colonel spoke of this Brant replied, "I ordered one of my best marksmen to pick you off, but you seemed bullet-proof."

The eminent George Whitefield once preached eloquently to Van Cortlandt's assembled tenants from the veranda of the manor-house. Dr. Franklin rested there when he was returning from his fatiguing mission to Canada, late in the spring of 1776, journeying from Albany to New York in General Schuyler's post-chaise. Washington was many times at the mansion while the American army lay on the shores of the Hudson. There Colonel Henry B. Livingston had his quarters while watching the Vulture, off Teller's (now Croton) Point, at the time of the treason of Arnold. There Lafayette, and Rochambeau, and the Duke de Lauzun were entertained; and the manor-house was always open as a resting-place of some of the most eminent of the Methodist preachers, such as Asbury and Garrison, in the early days of the American branch of that Church.

He who extended these hospitalities for the period of half a century or more was Pierre Van Cortlandt, who was a member of the New-York Provincial Congress, chairman of the New-York Committee of Safety, and for eighteen successive years, from the organization of the State government, in 1777, was lieutenant-governor of the commonwealth.

He espoused the cause of the patriots at the beginning. Crown officers in America tried to win him to the Tory side. In 1774, Governor Tryon essayed to seduce him. Accompanied by his secretary, Edmund Fanning, his accomplished wife, and young Miss Watts, a relative of the Van Cortlandts, he passed a night at the manor-house. After breakfast he proposed a walk. The three gentlemen strolled to the highest point on the estate, which commanded a magnificent view of the surrounding country. Tryon told Van Cortlandt that if he would cease opposing the ministry, and would adhere to the crown, vast additions would be made to his landed property, and other great favors would be bestowed upon him by the king. "I represent a free people, who confide in my integrity, and I will not deceive them," said Van Cortlandt. His reply was a decided "Get thee behind me, Satan!" Turning to Fanning, Tryon said: "I find my business here must terminate. Nothing can be effected in this place."

The patriot suffered for his principles during the war that ensued. His wife, Joanna Livingston, fled before the invading British to Livingston's manor. The house was plundered. Even carved wainscoting was carried away and made to grace a mansion in New York; and the Dutch tiles around a fireplace were taken out and used as dining-plates.

Governor Van Cortlandt died in 1814, in the ninety-fourth year of his age. His son, Philip, who was a distinguished officer in the Continental Army during the War for Independence, was the last heir of the entail. He kept up the hospitalities of the mansion until his death, in 1831, when the estate passed into the possession of its present owner, Colonel Pierre Van Cortlandt (son of Philip's third brother, General Pierre Van Cortlandt), who inherited it from his uncle. This gentleman married Catharine, daughter of the late eminent Dr. Theodorus Romney Beck, of Albany. He became the first proprietor of the estate in fee simple. Like their predecessors, he and his accomplished wife dispense a refined hospitality to friends and strangers.

The manor-house contains interesting pictures, manuscripts, and relics of the past. There may be seen full-length portraits of the earlier Van Cortlands in youthhood; a fine likeness of the lieutenant-governor, painted by Jarvis, and a marble bust, made from that picture; a portrait of Dr. Beck, and members of the family, some of them painted by the late Charles L. Elliott. There is also a portrait of Brant, painted from life at Lake George, for the grandfather of Mrs. Van Cortlandt, and over the top of the frame is thrown a sash that belonged to the chief. There may be seen the original Indian deeds and other documents; the charter of the manor; autograph letters of Washington, Lafayette, Clinton, and other distinguished men of the Revolution; a manuscript conveyance of a city-lot by Sarah, the wife of Captain Kidd, the pirate, etc.

There may also be seen a gold pap-spoon, with little golden bells on the handle to charm the babe while it was feeding, which was brought from Holland; also a pair of ancient gold sleeve-buttons from the Nether-

lands, each enclosing a pearl; also a porcelain figure of a monster, with the body and legs of an elephant and a grim head, half brute and half human, and some Japanese figures upon its back, all indicative of the connection of the first emigrant to America with the Dutch East India Company.

There, too, is still preserved the "haunted room," in which, from time immemorial, lodgers have heard, in the night, rustling like that produced by the passage through the apartment of a lady in a silk gown. Only occasionally may the rustling be heard. I have listened in that room for the "ghost" in vain. The shadowy dame or spinster never stoops to gratify idle curiosity. But the rustling has been frequently heard, and the natural causes which produce the sounds have not been discovered. The "ghost" is harmless, and has never disturbed the repose of one of the most charming homes on the borders of the Hudson.

BENSON J. LOSSING.

## JACK.

### I.

"I THINK," said Laura, my niece, slowly and reluctantly—"I think, aunt, that I will send for the doctor."

Having relieved her mind of this decision, she immediately added, in her natural manner, which was quick and somewhat sharp:

"Not that there is any cause for alarm; but you have lost faith in my prescriptions, so I shall have the doctor in for the moral effect."

I had, indeed, lost faith in her prescriptions; but, having too much consideration for her feelings to say so, I lay still, with my eyes closed, and submitted meekly to have my pillows thumped and my wraps rearranged. I had several times intimated a wish to have a physician, but Laura was deaf to all hints. Her weakness is "doctoring," and her friends say that she married Hardy Leftwich for the pleasure of dosing his five children through all the ills that childhood is heir to. But as her step-children were usually in a state of the rudest health, poor Laura's talents lacked employment, and my "little attack," therefore, proved a godsend to her. During three dolorous weeks, I resignedly swallowed her formidable pills and potions, and grew no better very fast. So I heard the announcement that I was to have a physician with secret satisfaction; for, though neither young nor beautiful, I still clung to life, and shrank, with peculiar horror, from dying by the hand of my favorite niece.

"And I am not going to have an opinionated old man, either," continued Laura, as she handed me a spoonful of some nauseous compound that I had neither the strength nor the courage to resist. "I shall send for Jack Penistow, whom you knew as a boy. He is young, it is true, but he is sure to rise in his profession, and I have no doubt that, with the assistance of my experience, we shall bring you round in a few days."

This cheering prediction had been made so often that it had lost its force. However,

I smiled as brightly as I could, and said that I had no doubt of it.

The doctor came. He was a young man; but he possessed the advantage of a grave and stately demeanor, worth, I should think, in a professional aspect, at least twenty years. He felt my pulse, puckered his heavy brows, and gazed at the ceiling in ominous silence.

"Don't you think she needs a tonic?" said Laura, unable to restrain her impatience. "I tell auntie every day that all she needs is some 'strength-giving cordial.' You can rely upon it, that I understand her constitution perfectly. Her organization—"

"You are quite right, Mrs. Leftwich," said the doctor, gravely; "she requires a tonic. She must have change of air."

"Impossible!" screamed Laura. "It is utterly out of my power to accompany her."

"It could not be expected of you," the doctor answered, so promptly that I was satisfied he had made a correct diagnosis of my case. "If Miss Seaforth will allow me, I will undertake to arrange every thing for her. She must go to Cadishope, to my aunt Penistow, a good old body, vigorous and cheerful. She lives alone in a pleasant house, surrounded by a fine garden; she owns an old horse that a child can drive; she keeps a good cook, and reasonable hours. As for the town of Cadishope, it is a dull, delightful place, built upon the declivities of the Rambleton hills, and blessed with the purest air, the clearest water, the finest fruit, and the most absolute quiet; what more could be desired?"

The attractions were undeniable, but I murmured something about the fear of intrusion.

"Not the least fear of that," said the doctor, with decision. "Miss Penistow has plenty of room and plenty of leisure, and she never objects to the pleasant company I send her. I have a charming little patient rustinating with her now."

I fancied that his color rose a little as he said this; and he certainly manifested unmistakable embarrassment when he added that Cadishope was not so distant but that he could run away for a few days and pay me a professional visit, should I need his services.

Laura was so surprised by the doctor's unexpected advice, that she did not utter a word of objection; and the only comment she made, when left alone with me, was:

"Well, you'll certainly have quiet enough at Cadishope. I was there once, on a visit to Miss Penistow, and I should have died of ~~sensu~~ if her maid had not fallen ill of rheumatism. That was the occasion of my discovering a most useful embrocation; so you see I can't say that there is no good to be gained in Cadishope, although there is but one live person in the place. I mean Miss Milman. She is a great friend of the doctor's, and I strongly suspect has designs upon him."

I was about to ask whether Miss Milman or the "charming little patient" was responsible for the doctor's embarrassment, but some household duty called Laura away, and the preparations for my departure soon made me forget her suggestive remark.

I reached Cadishope, a straggling, quiet

little town of a most inviting aspect, one afternoon about the last of May. At the end of the longest, shadiest street, in the midst of a wilderness of honeysuckles and roses, stood Miss Penistow's house. It was built of brick, with a low wing at one side, and a porch in front, which was approached by a broad, gravel walk, between borders of pinks and mignonette.

With some difficulty I climbed the flight of stone steps, and gave a feeble pull at the bell, expecting Miss Penistow to meet me, but I was disappointed. An elderly servant-woman opened the door and ushered me immediately to my room on the second floor, explaining, as we went, that Miss Penistow was confined to her sofa by a sprained ankle, but that she desired me to make myself quite at home. This I proceeded to do as speedily as possible by going at once to bed, where I remained for several days in a delicious state of semi-consciousness, lulled by the soft rustle of the leaves, the only sound that broke the marvelous stillness of my new abode. Hannah, the quietest and staidest of attendants, brought me the most tempting little meals, and *forgoed my physic*; Miss Penistow sent me a fresh bouquet and a kind message every morning; and I soon began to improve.

Very glad was I to abandon my bed for an easy-chair by the window, which commanded a fine view of the green meadow-lands sloping down to the river. The hills in the opposite direction were, to my great chagrin, intercepted by the wing of the house and its high, old-fashioned dormer-windows. That obnoxious roof, however, afforded me soon a livelier interest than meadows or hills. One morning, as I reclined in my seat inhaling the balmy air until I fell into a half-dreamy state, a face set in a frame of little yellow euris appeared at the nearer dormer-window, a pair of large blue eyes took a cautious survey of the little stone-paved court below, and, after a moment's hesitation, two slender hands grasped the window-sill; then a little bare foot swung into sight, followed instantly by its fellow, and thus, almost in the twinkling of an eye, a little boy about seven years old sat upon the roof outside. One moment he lingered; then, with a sinuous motion, slipped around the corner of the dormer and disappeared from my sight.

My heart stood still, but I had sufficient control of my terror to keep silent. In another moment I saw the little fellow bestride the roof of the window, where he sat with the ease and grace of a Puck or an Ariel. He seemed made expressly for adventure; lithe, clean-limbed, elastic, with a soul to appreciate the triumph of his achievement. He made no demonstration whatever when he mounted his perilous seat, but quietly gazed at the wide expanse of hill and dale with a faint smile of supreme content that did not fade from his round, happy face while he stayed.

How long he might have remained there, mute and motionless, I cannot tell. A prolonged howl of "Lee—tel Za—ack!" like a despairing wail, pierced the stillness, and sent an instantaneous change over the face of the little truant. His eyes dilated, but not with fear; his color deepened; a frown darkened

his broad brow; but the smile still lingered upon his lips as he dismounted reluctantly upon that side of the dormer exposed to my view.

To my intense and speechless terror, instead of creeping cautiously down the steep roof, he seated himself deliberately, with his feet stretched out, his arms extended wide, and came sliding down. I involuntarily closed my eyes to avoid seeing him go over the edge of the roof; but the next instant, hearing a low, exultant chuckle, I looked again. The boy had dexterously stayed his downward course by the projection at the corner of the window, and there he sat while "a sudden glory" bubbled up to his lips. At this moment he encountered my gaze. His beaming face betrayed neither alarm nor consciousness of guilt. He rubbed his little body, made some remark in which I could distinguish only the word "jolly," and disappeared through the window.

All this transpired so quickly and so silently, that I felt half persuaded it was but a dream. When Hannah brought my luncheon I asked, with a little hesitation, who was "Zack."

"Dear ma'am!" said Hannah, setting down her tray with an air of great annoyance; "we did hope you might not hear that beastly howl; but there ain't no putting a stop to it. Dear! dear! Miss Penistow will be vexed. That Antoine is a very screeching howl. He waked you up a-screeching, I know he did. I'll read him a lecture, I will."

"But the child," said I, "the little boy?"

Hannah turned short around, with an almost defiant look, and said:

"How, you don't mean for to say that child has found his way up here? I've fended him off with might and main. I declare he's amazing, he is. To think he should give me the slip so."

"No, no, Hannah," I said, "the child has not been up here; but I saw him from my window here, and really Miss Penistow ought to be informed of—"

"Never you mind about her," said Hannah, soothingly; "nor the boy either, bless you! He's too enterprising for your strength, but I'll manage him, I will."

And away she bustled, like many another worthy, zealous to reform an evil the nature of which she did not understand.

In the afternoon the boy appeared again. His first glance was directed toward my window, but at sight of me he turned away with a face of keen disappointment, and, leaning his chin upon his little hand, fixed his eyes on the view across the meadows. I thought that while I stood sentinel he would never venture upon the roof; but I mistook his nature. He soon turned boldly around, and, with a smile of defiance, proceeded to mount the window-sill. This I was prepared to prevent.

"Little boy, if you go on the roof again I will ring the bell for Hannah," said I, in a determined tone, showing as I spoke the tassel of the bell-rope which I held in my hand.

The child frowned, pouted, and wavered; but finally desisted and disappeared.

Now, it was not my wish to repel this little

adventurer; on the contrary, I was eager for a further acquaintance, but, as I knew that Hannah would stoutly oppose my receiving a visit from him in my own room, I determined to make an effort to get down-stairs. Accordingly, the next morning I descended, and met a warm reception from Miss Penistow, whom I found in the hall, with all doors opened wide to admit the vigorous Rambleout breezes. She was a stately, pleasant old lady, with heavy brows, and a grave smile, reminding me forcibly of her nephew, the doctor. She was not yet able to walk without the aid of crutches, but otherwise she was well and in fine spirits. She made many inquiries about Laura and her unruly brood, to which I was able to reply with a quiet mind, for the sight of the little boy in the yard relieved me of the apprehension that he might climb the roof in my absence. He was standing in the shade of a walnut-tree, a dilapidated hat upon his head, a large blue checked apron enveloping his body, and both hands putting forth their utmost energy in whitewashing a barrel. In the shade opposite him lounged a cadaverous, black-eyed, black-haired youth of seventeen—Antoine, as I guessed, the enterprising "Zack's" attendant.

Miss Penistow, following the direction of my eyes, smiled when she saw what attracted my frequent glances.

"I have been very much afraid," she said, "that the child might annoy you; for boys are so full of life. But now that you are strong enough to come down-stairs, I hope you will not mind him. He is not really very unendurable, except on rainy days. Ah, here is Hannah with your luncheon. Take it out to the pavilion, Hannah.—Miss Seaforth, as my nephew writes me that you need to be much in the open air, I will send you your luncheon in the garden hereafter. You cannot get too much of our Rambleout air. Throw on this shawl, and follow Hannah through the glass door.—You'll excuse me."

I obeyed, nothing loath; for the garden in the bloom of June was most inviting. I ate my luncheon with unusual appetite, and was deep in the advertisements of the *Cadisshop Chronicle*, when a low whisper of "Sick lady! sick lady!" made me look up.

On the steps of the pavilion stood my little hero of the roof, with his hands full of flowers. He had discarded the cook's apron, but he still wore the grotesque hat.

"Are those flowers for me, little boy?" I asked, pleased at the prospect of a nearer acquaintance.

Without speaking, he came up the steps and laid his huge bouquet in my lap.

After admiring his gift long enough to put him at ease, I said :

"So you are the little boy that climbs the roof?"

"Oh, that's nothing," he said, with an air of indifference, but avoiding my eyes.

"Do you think that Miss Penistow would call it 'nothing' if she knew?" said I.

"She needn't know," returned he, significantly. "It would be sure to disagree with her."

"But don't you consider the risk you run?" said I, struggling against a smile.

"Well—yes," replied the child, as though

impartially weighing the advantages and disadvantages of the hazardousfeat; "it do rasp my knee-shins, but then"—warming with the recollection—"I can see all the way to Brackett's Ford!"

To such an argument I had no reply, so I merely said :

" You are too young to stray off alone in that way."

The boy gave a comical shrug, which he had learned from his French attendant, and said :

" I've got a lot o' sense for my little age ; my uncle doctor said so. He doesn't care how much I go up there ; he's a man. He said I was to do it."

" To climb the roof ?" said I, incredulously.

" For my health, you know," said the boy. He was sitting with his chin upon his hand, and, looking straight into my eyes, he nodded his head several times emphatically.

" You did not understand him," said I, unable longer to restrain my laughter.

" Yes," he answered ; " I was behind the curtain in mamma's room, and my uncle doctor he said, ' That chap must go to the country and stretch his legs,' and he meant me. Climbing stretches better than most other ways."

I readily perceived that this boy must be the "charming little patient," of whom Dr. Penistow had spoken ; so here was an end to the little romance I had been indulging ; for, though Jack was undeniably charming, he certainly was not accountable for the mystery with which his uncle had whispered at parting :

" Don't hesitate, Miss Seaforth, to write to me if any unfavorable symptoms should occur. I will, in fact, be glad of a plausible excuse to run off to Cadishope." And then he had colored so !

Remembering Laura's hint about Miss Milman, I decided that she must be the attraction. My thoughts, however, soon reverted to Jack, whom I was anxious to dissuade from stretching his legs so perilously. With the proviso that I would not betray him to his aunt Penistow, I succeeded in obtaining a promise that he would not go upon the roof again until he could see his "uncle doctor," and learn more explicitly what were his views about climbing.

Having passed his word, Master Jack thrust his hands into his pockets, puffed his lips in a manly but ineffectual attempt to whistle "Shoo-fly!" and sauntered off to "pastures new," while I returned to the breezy hall and Miss Penistow.

" My little grand-nephew has made your acquaintance in the garden, Hannah tells me," said the old lady, blandly. " I am greatly relieved to find that you are not averse to children. I feared that his presence here might perhaps interfere with your comfort ; for, though he is not a bad child, he is a restless, enterprising little fellow, and not easily controlled. As to that French lad, my niece, Mrs. Lucas, sees fit to send with Jack, he is, unquestionably, the most inefficient creature imaginable. Good-natured, indeed, and very fond of Jack, who tyrannizes over him remorselessly, but altogether inca-

pable of keeping the little rogue out of mischief. I could not recount all the feats the child has performed in the last three weeks, to the astonishment of a quiet old lady like myself."

(I wondered if she suspected the visit to the roof.)

" I am not accustomed to children," continued Miss Penistow, after a placid little sigh. " His aunt, Miss Lucas, professes to manage him ; but she is so absorbed by Miss Milman that she quite neglects her charge. She leaves him to Antoine and me. I sprained my ankle the other day trying to keep him out of the duck-pond. I don't see why Addie Lucas came ; she does not stay with Jack. She has been four days now at the Brovers', with Miss Milman ; indeed, I haven't seen her for a week."

Miss Penistow was "garrulously given." She might have continued in this strain the remainder of the morning but for a sudden diversion. The iron gate in front swung open, and closed again with a clang. The peacock, displaying his plumes in the sunshine, squalled loudly and fled, as a young lady, dressed in a white walking-suit and swinging her hat in her hands, came running up the walk. She was rather showy than pretty ; very fair, with a profusion of light hair hanging in a tangled mass over her shoulders. Ignoring my presence, she rushed up to Miss Penistow, saying briskly, in a somewhat incisive voice :

" Now, my dear Madam Venerable, don't dream of denial. We are to have a picnic to-morrow at Brackett's Ford, and I must have that frisky old Roaniante of yours, and that ancient vehicle you call a phaeton. Please say 'yes,' or 'no,' quick ! for I must arrange my plans."

" Good-morning, Miss Lucas," was Miss Penistow's answer ; " let me make you acquainted with Miss Seaforth."

The girl laughed, nodded, and said :

" Oh, well ! it's my way. Miss Seaforth will soon understand me. I dare say we shall be very good friends when I have time to cultivate her. But just now I really must know about the horse, for Miss Milman is waiting at the milliner's to hear from me. I suppose you have no objection ?"

" Addie," said Miss Penistow, with provoking slowness, " you have been absent a whole week, and you have not made an inquiry about the child committed to your care. Is this the way you fulfil your duty ? When I was your age I never did as you do."

" No, I dare say not !" exclaimed Miss Lucas, with a burst of laughter. " I can't fancy you ever doing as I do ; but I am not at all a proper person. As to my adorable nephew, the less he sees of me the happier he is, I know. I'll just send Antoine down to Miss Milman to say that I can have the horse by seven to-morrow ? Thank you."

Miss Lucas then ran to the back-door and screamed for Antoine ; but, instead of Antoine, appeared Master Jack, with—

" What you want, Addie ?"

" I want Antoine ; send him to me, quick ! child ; he is to carry a message."

" Antoine can't go. He's busy mixing me some mortar. You go yourself."

" Oh, indeed ! " said Miss Lucas. " Do

you fancy that I am going all the way in this sun to the milliner's, when I've my hair to put in crimp ?"

" Aunt Addie," said Jack, solemnly, " you'll die of old age and ability."

" That's better than dying young," retorted Miss Addie. " Tramp away now, and send me Antoine."

" Antoine sha'n't go ! " said Jack, sturdily. " Oh, we'll see about that—Here, Antoine ! " cried Miss Lucas ; and, as that caudal youth appeared, she delivered her message volubly, enjoining great haste. But Jack had clasped the youth's wiry legs in a fierce embrace, and not a step could he stir.

" Ah, leetle Zack, leetle Zack," coaxed Antoine, " the mademoiselle would forgive le pauvre Antoine nevar."

" Oh, the mademoiselle is equal to the emergency," said Miss Lucas, making a dash at Jack's hands.

A sharp struggle ensued, in which Antoine was upset ; but Miss Lucas came off victorious.

" Run, Antoine ! Run for your life ! " she screamed, laughing, to the sprawling figure ; " run while I hold him ! " And Antoine, struggling to his feet with much ado, was out of sight before Jack had done screaming and kicking in his lively young aunt's arms.

Her object gained, Miss Lucas left poor Jack rolling in a rage upon the floor, and went up-stairs. " Oh ! what a pretty boy ! What a very, very pretty boy ! " she cried, peeping at him through the railing.

At this Jack—very properly, I think—yelled savagely, and Miss Lucas, clapping her hands to her ears, danced away, singing.

" There ! " exclaimed Miss Penistow, who, like myself, had been a silent spectator of this stormy scene, " that is what she calls managing him. For my part, I think she does him more harm than good. I wish she would stay away forever. Jack is bad enough ; but that girl—that girl ! Well, I'm an old-fashioned old woman, I suppose ; but when I was young I did not make such a hurricane of myself ; and in all my life I know my hair was never in such a blowse. And Sarah Milman has set her heart on marrying my nephew to that girl ! "

At last I understood the doctor's desire for an excuse to visit Cadishope. Here was a revelation that gave Miss Lucas an interest in my eyes ; but I might have had too much of that young lady's exciting company had not Miss Milman engrossed so much of her time. I had not been long seated in my room when some one knocked at my door, and, before I could answer, in came Miss Lucas.

She had changed her walking-suit for a pink dressing-gown, which was very becoming. Her hair was put up in crimpers, and she carried in her hands a bunch of curls, which she unceremoniously asked me to hold while she proceeded to give them what she termed " a stroke and a promise," talking incessantly all the time.

" I am the most sociable creature in the universe," said she, rather patronizingly ; " no shyness about me—never was. (Hold your hand a little higher, please. Oh, how awkward ! but I'll teach you all my kinks to per-

fection by the time you are two weeks older.) I was determined to carry my point about that old horse and buggy. Miss Penistow is a good creature, but, dear, so slow, and I had to make a dash. You should see how I do make her virtuous old cap bristle sometimes." Then a pause, during which she counted and shook and admired her curls. "Now hold your hands *thusly* a moment, please. Thanks, Master Jack certainly made a distinguished uproar this morning, but I should never prevail with him if I did not charge bayonets. Now you need not be making doleful eyes at me; I assure you I understand Jack. I am no child-spoiler, as my sister-in-law, Mrs. Henry Lucas, knows. Jack is a boy, and must rough it; moreover, he is mortal, and must learn to bear his crosses." She made a mouth at this, and bestowed on me an irresistibly comic glance. "That's a dear, to smile," she cried; "so I shall reward you with a synopsis of our picnic when I return. Cadishope is a heavenly dull place, and I should not be able to exist here without Miss Milman. You don't know her." I shook my head. "No," she said, laughing, "I should say not. You are just as much of a—*Troglodyte* as though you had lived here all your days. I suppose that you really like Cadishope?"

"Yes," I replied. "Dr. Penistow sent me here for rest and quiet; and—"

"Dr. Penistow?" she interrupted, opening her eyes very wide. "So you are one of his patients? Do you know him well?"

"I knew him when he was a boy," I replied, evasively.

"Well, do you know, although his sister married my brother, I have never yet seen him? And I am so curious about him. Do describe him to me. Is he handsome, *very*?"

"Yes, he is rather fine-looking."

"Oh, my! you are not enthusiastic. What kind of person is he? Is he really quite formidable?"

I assured her that I thought him really quite formidable for so young a man.

"Oh, dear! how I should like to demolish him! Is he coming here, do you think?"

"He said he would come if I needed his services."

"How nice! Pray, can you not get up a little indisposition? Can't you lose your appetite, for example? No; that is quite impossible, certainly, with such a table as dear old Penistow sets. But you could—surely you could—eat something to disagree with you? I'll promise to nurse you faithfully."

"But suppose," said I, "that, instead of your demolishing the doctor, he should demolish you?"

"Oh, you delicious—" she cried. "Do I look like a thing to be demolished, indeed? I'd show you if I had a chance. You will place me under everlasting obligations if you will only get sick enough to bring the doctor. The only beau in Cadishope worth winking at is Joe Chellis, an old Methuselah, with a bald head and pockets full of cash. Miss Milman has told him that he must marry that creepsomey Miss Arden, and Joe has no objections; so I'm not allowed to look at him, for fear of spoiling a match. Well, I'm off!"

Although Miss Lucas amused me, I saw

her depart next morning with a sense of relief, in which I am sure both Jack and Miss Penistow shared. A blessed calm pervaded the house; but it was a calm of short duration.

Near noon Antoine presented himself in a state of agitation that, for the time, annihilated his slender stock of English. With difficulty we gathered that "leetel Zack" was missing. Antoine had sought him through garden and orchard, in stable and barn, even up and down the street, in vain. Poor Antoine wrung his hands and proclaimed himself *abime de désespoir*, and so, indeed, was I. Quickly as my trembling knees would permit I rushed to my room, and, sick at heart, threw open the blinds. Oh, blessed relief! no fair-haired boy lay mangled on the flag-stones; nor was he perched upon the house-top; neither was he in the attic, where I hoped he might be found asleep.

Upon inquiry we learned that no one could tell exactly when the child disappeared. Antoine had been, by Miss Lucas's orders, to carry a message to the laundress, and when he returned, Jack, whom he had left very busy walling up the mouth of the brick oven, was nowhere to be seen.

The morning was consumed in fruitless search. Miss Penistow and I sat down to an excellent dinner, for which we had no appetite, and rose again to bewail Miss Lucas's thoughtlessness and Antoine's inefficiency.

We were just about starting ourselves in search of the truant, when Jack burst in upon us, radiant. In his arms he clasped a very frightened rabbit. His hat was gone, his clothes were torn and shockingly soiled, but some kindly hand had washed his face and brushed his tangled locks.

"I have found—I have found—" cried the graceless boy, panting, and clutching his rabbit desperately, "a kind-hearted lady with such old, old hair, white as my pocket-handkerchief, in the morning," he added, intercepting the dubious glance I cast upon that article, which enveloped the unhappy rabbit. "And another pretty lady," continued Jack; "oh, prettier than you, Miss Seaforth, and Addie, and Aunt Penistow, too; and lots of pretty things you never saw, and—and this wabbit, they did give me for my very own, and—and—"

Here he paused for breath, and looked at his aunt Penistow with eyes that plainly asked, "Are you not glad?"

All we could say failed to impress the young runaway with a sense of his delinquency. "But, don't you see I'm safe!" was his rejoinder to every reproach. His uncle doctor had said that he was to amuse himself just as he liked; his uncle doctor had said that he was to run about and grow; and so on continually.

When closely questioned, Jack revealed that he had been to the ferry and fallen in the mud; that the wind had blown his hat into the river; and that he had torn his clothes climbing a fence to get into a meadow where there were some calves. Afterward he had lost himself on a new road, where he met the pretty lady who took him home with her to dinner. She had given him the rabbit, and then accompanied him as far as the Elms on his return.

Of course Jack was allowed to keep the rabbit, although Miss Penistow declared that it would prove a nuisance. It sufficed, however, for a season, to keep my little hero almost insipidly tame.

## II.

For a whole week Jack was, to use Miss Lucas's emphatic simile, "as peaceful as the millennium." In all that time, wonderful to relate, he did not once resist his arbitrary young aunt, nor oppose her monopoly of Antoine. I must confess that he was not, during this tame period, so interesting to me; but I had less leisure to study him, as Miss Milman now began sedulously to cultivate my acquaintance.

She was a stylish woman, not quite so young as I had expected, but very agreeable. She was fond of company, of novelty, of excitement, and, as she herself assured me, excessively fond of Dr. Penistow.

"A woman of my age may safely make such an avowal, Miss Seaforth, and I am really excessively fond of Dr. Penistow," she said, one morning, during a drive. "I have long wished to discuss his interests with you. Estimable young man! I do so long to see him well married; and Addie Lucas is the very girl for him; so young, so fresh, so full of life, and so amiable withal. The doctor is rather shy in ladies' society; but so much the better. His shyness precludes the probability of his having received any impression hitherto; and such a man, sensitive and shy, with affections disengaged, must fall deeply in love with such a girl as Addie; and there is absolutely nothing to prevent the course of true love running smooth, in this instance. If I could but have them here at Cadishope, under my own management!" She sighed and paused, and then said, laughing, "I rely upon your assistance."

I looked innocently amazed; whereupon Miss Milman, with ill-concealed annoyance, exclaimed:

"You force me to an embarrassing plainness. When is Dr. Penistow coming to pay you that professional visit? I really do not think you look as well as usual."

I protested that I never was better. Miss Milman dropped the subject, and ordered her coachman back to town.

We had not proceeded far on our return when the carriage was stopped, and a stout, smiling gentleman appeared at the window. Miss Milman introduced him as Mr. Chellis.

"I thought you were alone," he stammered, "and took the liberty of stopping the carriage. But I beg pardon—pray do not let me interrupt you."

"Very happy to see you, always, Mr. Chellis," said Miss Milman, with emphasis, "and particularly this morning. I have been accomplishing wonders in your behalf. Now is your time; call on my little friend this very evening."

The stout gentleman bowed, the carriage rolled on, and Miss Milman, leaning back with a smile of ineffable satisfaction, said:

"I really do think it is my forte to play 'Cupid's ambassador.' I have succeeded at last in settling an admirable match. You don't know Ruth Arden? She is a little

proteges of mine. She has seen better days, and I trust will yet see many more as bright, for which she may thank me. The silly thing did not wish to listen to Joe Chellis; but girls never have any judgment in such matters. He is wealthy, and will make an excellent husband. Ruth may well be grateful to me, for she has a hard struggle to support herself and her invalid grandmother. Here we are at Miss Penistow's gate before I knew it! Really, my dear Miss Seaforth, I do not wish to alarm you, but indeed you do not look as well as you did a week ago. Take care of yourself. Good-morning."

The instant Miss Penistow's door was opened I knew that Jack was himself again. Miss Lucas's shrill laughter, Antoine's shriller protestations, and the loud invectives of Miss Penistow's burly cook, all proclaimed the interesting fact.

I hastened to the rear, whence the mingled din proceeded, and there I beheld my hero standing at bay, with his back against the rabbit-hutch. He was literally begrimed from head to feet. His hat, stuffed with stringy roots that in time might have become potatoes, lay at his feet, while his hands, full as they could hold of young cabbage-plants, hung by his sides.

Near him stood the cook, brandishing an iron ladle in the face of Antoine, who stamped and capered like a mad monkey, jabbering French all the time with shrill volubility.

Addie Lucas sat upon the steps overcome with laughter, and Miss Penistow stood in the door-way and looked at Jack over her spectacles with grave displeasure, which the little elf returned with a stare of desperate impudence.

"Every blessed cabbage-plant out of the new bed to feed a nasty, useless rabbit!" shrieked the cook, rendered absolutely savage by her inability to comprehend French.

"*Je n'y puis rien, moi!*" piped Antoine, parrying the ladle with his wiry arms, and narrowly escaping a blow.

"You needn't waste yer jabber on me!" cried the cook, hoarse with anger. "Look at that hat, I say! A whole row of October yams uprooted to the everlasting destruction of his clothes, while you sit stretching your lazy legs in the sunshine."

"Mees Lucas, expliquez-moi, de grice," whined Antoine. "Quand même il veut se rendre au diable—"

"Silence!" commanded Miss Penistow, sternly. "I will not have this uproar. Jack, come here."

"I don't want to, Aunt Penistow," said the hardened offender; and Miss Penistow was forced to harangue him from a distance.

"Are you not ashamed," said she, "to destroy my plants and injure my garden?"

"My rabbit can't starve," said Jack, doggedly.

"No one wishes him to starve, you know. The cook gives him quite enough from the kitchen."

"She!" said Jack, indignantly. "A skimp' lot, without a bit o' marrer, and her a livin' on the fat o' the land herself!"

"Me!" cried the outraged cook. "Lord save us, the irreverent little animal, he means me!"

"And look at those clothes," continued Miss Penistow; "all the soap in the house will never make them decent again."

Jack glanced down at his soiled suit, dusted his knees slightly with the cabbage-plants, and replied, coolly, "My uncle doctor said I need not mind a little dirt."

"This is too much!" exclaimed Miss Penistow. "'My uncle doctor,' and 'my uncle doctor.' This is the answer to every remonstrance. I cannot stand this; Addie, I will not stand this a day longer. This child must be controlled. There is no limit to his mischief."

"All right!" cried Miss Lucas, springing up with alacrity; "I'll limit him.—Away with him, Antoine, and make him presentable.—You need not struggle, sir; remember, I am very fond of stewed rabbit."

This vague and awful threat quenched Jack's rising ire. He departed peaceably, and Miss Lucas, turning to Miss Penistow, said:

"I shall have Jack go through a course of drawing-lessons. Miss Milman has persecuted me, lo! these many days, to take lessons of that poor little Miss Arden. I wonder it has not occurred to me before to propitiate her with Jack. I will write to her immediately."

Addie's note met with a prompt response. Miss Milman came that afternoon, and brought with her a pale, slender girl, whose face was pleasant rather than beautiful.

Jack, when summoned to the parlor, resisted, vociferating that his "uncle doctor" had sent him into the country to grow; but the moment he saw Miss Arden he rushed to her, exclaiming that she was his pretty young lady who had washed his face without rubbing his nose upside-down.

He was easily persuaded to begin the drawing-lesson, and soon he presented Miss Penistow with a sketch of an impossible dog, remarking that he expected to be a very good boy, as he was to draw whatever he liked.

And Jack was, indeed, a very good boy, except when forbidden to sketch on the tempting white walls of his aunt's house. Miss Arden came to him every day for an hour, and, though he did not learn much of drawing, he certainly improved in other respects under the benign influence of his pretty young lady. It was a source of sincere regret when, after ten days' punctual attendance, she announced suddenly that she could not continue the lessons. Addie was provoked, and insisted upon learning Miss Arden's reasons for abandoning her young admirer; but Miss Arden steadily refused to give any, and a coolness was imminent when Miss Milman suggested, with a significant smile, that probably somebody had objected. Jack was inconsolable for a day, but the unexpected arrival of his "uncle doctor" made ample amends.

The doctor's appearance on the scene, as I afterward discovered, was due entirely to the representations, or rather misrepresentations of Miss Milman. She had written that Miss Seaforth was by no means so well as she would have her friends believe, and Dr. Penistow hurried to Cadishope to find me more robust than he had ever seen me. He

was too shrewd not to detect the ruse, but he forgave it.

The family connection between Miss Lucas and himself opened the way for immediate acquaintance, and he began at once to devote himself to her with the same studious and determined attention that he would have given to a case of fever, while Addie met his advances with charming ease.

Apparently, she had made him forget his patients. Two weeks passed, and still he lingered; but, at the end of the third, to use Miss Milman's orthodox expression, he *took* himself away. He left abruptly, and Miss Lucas remained in ignorance of the state of his heart. Miss Milman, who had expected an immediate fruition of all her well-laid schemes, scolded Addie and blamed me with equal want of justice, and finally, in her chagrin, secluded herself at Rosedale, her villa, to mature future plans. In this interval Addie grew confidential.

"I'll tell you the truth, Miss Seaforth," she said, while arranging her mop of curls at my glass, "I'm glad he's gone. True, he was very nice, and it was fun to see old Penistow's cap bristle in dire foreboding of wrath to come; but then he put me in the way of a discovery, and a very unpleasant discovery. I may as well confess it, *missish* as it will sound. Well, Miss Seaforth, I begin to suspect, for the first time in my life, that I have heart."

This astounding communication made me turn to get a good view of her face, which certainly was guiltless of blushes.

She burst into a gleeful laugh, and exclaimed:

"Did I alarm your placidity? Pray compose yourself; you'll find me the same old hardened case. I tell you I *can't* flirt with Dr. Penistow, and I've succeeded marvellously well with infinitely soberer men than he. Now, Miss Seaforth, say 'what ails this heart o' mine,' that I *can't* flirt with this immaculate nephew of dear old Penistow?"

"Perhaps he has 'demolished' you," I said, demurely.

"Not a bit!" she cried, with exultation. "How mean of you to insinuate such a thing!"

"You don't expect to fall in love with him, then, Addie?"

"That I do not! I wouldn't stand on my good behavior another two weeks, no! not for the unqualified commendation of all my family. A girl can't marry even a Dr. Penistow in cold blood, and I don't fancy being bullied into such a step, like that little Miss Arden. She doesn't love poor old Chellis, and she never can, but she is going to marry him, because Miss Milman gives her no peace. In the same way, Miss Milman has determined that I am to marry Dr. Penistow. Now, I am deliberating whether I shall have a jolly battle-royal with her to compensate for my lost flirtation, or make my dutiful obeisance to her irresistible genius, and submit to my fate like a good girl; I am pondering the question seriously."

"Addie, I am afraid that you are beginning to be 'demolished.'"

"No such thing!" cried she, warmly. "If that were true, I might yield with a good

grace; but it is not true, so I am going to wait for a 'revelation.' Girls are sometimes visited by a trustworthy revelation in these matters, and when mine comes I'll tell you all about it, for you are such a harmless kind of sedative I am really fond of you."

"But the doctor may not return," I said.

"Oh yes, he will!" she answered, confidently.

She proved a true prophetess. Dr. Penistow returned in a very few days, and announced his intention to stay a month. "The truth is, Miss Seaforth," said he, "a man may have other business in life quite as important as tending fevers and setting broken bones, eh?" To which I readily assented.

Miss Penistow was not unobservant of the state of affairs; but while she deplored what she deemed her nephew's unaccountable blindness, she professed herself powerless to overthrow Miss Milman's clever schemes. "Better remain single to the end of his days, I say, Miss Seaforth, than let any woman select him a wife, just to save the trouble of seeking for himself. But I suppose I am too old-fashioned to appreciate Addie Lucas; so I wash my hands of the whole affair."

Miss Milman was well aware of Miss Penistow's sentiments, but what match-maker in the full tide of success was ever deterred by an old aunt's objections? So she made little supper-parties, and planned excursions to this romantic glen or that charming view, and always invited insignificant me to help take care of the proprieties.

From all these delights Jack was, of course, excluded; but, though he complained of neglect, he certainly did not suffer from *ennui*, since he found ample opportunity to pump all the water out of the cistern. This exploit cost him dear, for, besides blistering his hands, he took a violent cold, and was ill of a fever for several days.

His illness was a great cross to Miss Milman. She had planned an excursion to a favorite woodland haunt four or five miles distant; and she was by no means willing to postpone the trip. After many consultations with each and all of us, she finally carried her point by bribing Jack with a promise that his pretty young lady should spend the day with him. Jack consented, but exacted, in addition, his "uncle doctor's" watch to take his medicines by, and, as his "uncle doctor" could refuse him nothing, the watch was left in his possession, and we were allowed to depart in peace.

The day was fine, but the excursion proved a failure. The doctor was unusually taciturn, Addie preoccupied, and Miss Milman disappointed and anxious. "This is slow work," she sighed, as we started home, and I secretly agreed with her; but I fancy that she would hardly have deemed the work so slow could she have known how late the doctor sat with Addie in the moonlight, after we returned.

A few days after this, Dr. Penistow came to me with a very grave face. I was sitting in the pavilion directing the enterprising Jack in the construction of a grotto of moss and rocks that I had gathered in the glen for his benefit. The child had been allowed to come out that morning for the first time since his illness.

"Come here, Jack," said his uncle; "tell me what you would do if I were to take your aunt Addie away?"

"Forever 'nd ever?" said Jack, with speculation in his eyes.

"Forever and ever," repeated the doctor, gravely. "You would be very sorry, would you not, boy?"

"No," said Jack, coolly; "she's no particular use to me."

The doctor withdrew his hand from the child's shoulder. "I thought you were fond of your aunt Addie?" said he, annoyed. No answer. "I think," continued the doctor, "that I shall take her away and never bring her back."

"Then, uncle doctor," cried Jack, bringing his fist down with emphasis, "I should be the gladdest boy ever you saw!"

I laughed. The doctor colored, and added, rashly:

"I shall never come back, either."

"Well," responded Jack, with cruel candor, "I can't help it; you are no use to me any more than *her*. You forgot to bring me a spade, and I've only a wooden shovel to dig with. You always go just so"—folding his arms and drooping his head—"up and down, up and down, enough to *wash out* your shoes, Antoine says, and you never take a mite of notice of me."

"It is not safe," said I, laughing at the doctor's rueful countenance, "to consult such an oracle."

"Pahaw!" returned he, with a frown, "a man in these affairs must judge for himself. Jack influences me no more than Miss Milman. You look incredulous, Miss Seaforth," he continued, eagerly, as Jack strayed off; "but I can convince you that I am my own master—as much my own master as any man can be in these matters. I am obliged to Miss Milman for her friendly interest, but I cannot have you think that I could hand over my heart to any match-maker, however clever, to dispose of. She pleases me"—I knew that he meant Miss Lucas—"she amuses me; she is amiable and original. I missed her when I returned to town; I was glad to see her again. I do believe that she would make a good wife, but I have not yet asked her to be my wife, simply because I could not surmount a silly scruple about an ideal I have long cherished. Don't condemn me until you have heard me through. Silly as it may appear in a man of my age, I could not until now thrust aside something of the past that seemed to stand between Miss Lucas and me. But now—well, that feeling has entirely vanished, and I am free to offer my heart where my judgment so strongly approves. Do you remember the day we went to Glen Ellen?"

Yes, I remembered it well; had I not been bored to death?

He smiled; then said, with curious emphasis, "My watch stopped that night at a quarter-past ten."

"I am not surprised," I replied; "you left it with Jack that day."

"I know," he answered, with an impatient gesture; "but that has nothing to do with the point in question. It was the 17th of September, and my watch has never stopped but once before at a quarter-past ten, on the

evening of the 17th of September, six years ago. On that day I parted from a girl I loved. She was scarcely more than a child. We quarrelled. No matter now. She had boundless wealth; I was poor and unknown. We parted, never to meet again. As I came down the steps of her father's house I slipped and jarred my watch against the iron railing. I had said farewell—forever, as I thought—and yet I kept one memento of her always near me—an old-fashioned watch-paper, a tiny bird-of-paradise that she had painted. I seldom looked at it, but I regarded it as a treasure; and I felt a pang last Thursday night when I found it utterly faded away, and only a bit of tarnished rice-paper left of my old romance, while the hands of my watch pointed dumbly to a quarter-past ten."

"Jack, of course!" I exclaimed.

"Nay," returned the doctor, smiling, "Jack is an ingenious boy, but he never could have discovered the secret spring that closed upon my poor little paradise-bird. When I looked at my watch, the day of the month flashed upon me like a prophecy, and, however the bird was marred, I accept the coincidence as an omen."

"Oh, you are superstitious?" I said.

"N—o. I confess that I was startled at first; but, after all, if a well-regulated watch stops at all, would it not naturally stop at the same hour every time? I am proud of my timepiece," he added, and laughed slightly.

"But the date?" I said.

"A fortunate coincidence, I call it," he said, shrugging his shoulders, "to bring me to my senses."

"And the bird?"

"I have told you that I seldom looked at it; it is impossible to say how long it may have been in that condition."

"Then you destroy the 'omen.'"

"Not at all; the coincidence reveals to me my folly; it warns me not to sacrifice my life to a barren sentiment. I am now disenthralled; I no longer belong to the past, and I shall give myself to the future—that is, to Miss Lucas, if she will, as I hope—"

Now I could not take Dr. Penistow's view of the coincidence. My weaker mind looked at it in a superstitious light, and I said, with a touch of bitterness:

"Quite right, doctor; let the old love 'down the wind to prey at fortune.'"

"For aught I know she may be dead," he answered, solemnly; then turned away to join Miss Lucas, who was walking in the shrubbery.

The next morning Adelaide rushed into my room in great excitement. She had just returned from a walk, or, I might say, judging from appearances, a run, and was panting for breath.

"There! Miss Seaforth!" she cried, "I told you that I expected a revelation—if I can ever manage to give you a coherent account. You must know that we were straying around this morning hunting excitement—I rather think we found it—when Miss Milman proposed that we should sit for our photographs. So, up old West's rickety stair we climbed, Miss Milman, Dr. Penistow, and I; and who should follow but Joe Chellis! Well, old West was busy with a fat old body from

over the river, and two red-haired, freckled boys; and, as Miss Milman never likes waiting, she asked to see Mrs. West, who is one of her *protégées*. There were two screens stretched across one end of the room, and Mrs. West was on her sofa behind them; so Miss Milman went to her, leaving me to entertain the doctor and Mr. Chellis.

"Now I must tell you that I took the irrepressible young one with me this morning (I know not what softness possessed me) to eat ice-cream; but, when he heard that we were going to sit for our pictures, he vanished, to my great relief, at so rapid a pace that Antoine could hardly keep up with him. I never guessed that he would reappear; but, just as old West had dismissed his forlorn sitters and was preparing for our torture, lo! Jack, with his everlasting rabbit! He had brought it, my dear, to be photographed.

"The doctor was standing quite near one of the screens, but with his back to it, explaining, in his big way, the effect of Heaven knows what solution on a glass plate, while Joe Chellis and I were pretending to listen. I do not know how it happened, but the rabbit sprang out of Jack's arms. He yelled, you may be sure; we all turned quickly, and Joe Chellis, in his clumsy zeal, made a dash at the poor beast as it rushed under the screen. I heard—I suppose, indeed, that each of us heard—a strange voice exclaim, 'Oh! the screen!' and, at the same instant, Joe fell flat, bringing the screen down with him.

"There stood Ruth Arden beside a table covered with photographs and painting-materials; there she stood, just as she had risen to catch the screen. She was plainly dressed, as she always is, poor thing, but, though deadly pale, she was more lovely than you can imagine. She looked at no one, but stood with her eyes cast down.

"It all happened in a flash. Scarcely had the screen touched the floor, than Dr. Penistow, with a violent start, stretched out his hands, and said, 'Bonnie!' with an accent that no one could mistake. Such a tableau! If poor old West could but have photographed the group then and there! Miss Arden put her little slender hand in the doctor's, involuntarily, it seemed, and without a word; and a dead silence fell upon us all. Then Joe Chellis, bless his clumsiness! relieved my over-wrought feelings by struggling up on all-fours and gazing ruefully at his rival. I giggled, and so would you have done if you had seen him!

"Miss Milman was the first to speak. 'Well!' she said, and paused awfully. I tell you, I felt that it was a good thing not to be either Dr. Penistow or Ruth. Then, 'Well!' she said again, 'a most extraordinary performance, truly! Pray, Dr. Penistow, how is it that we learn, for the first time, in this theatrical manner, that Miss Arden is known to you?' 'It is six years since we parted,' said the doctor, in a voice I should not have recognized. 'And I, a poor little Ruth, shaking like a leaf, am changed in every way.'

"She sat down, and tried to busy herself with her work, shielding her face with her left hand, beneath which I am sure the tears were falling.

"I have been deceived, I have been imposed upon, my confidence has been shamefully abused!" said Miss Milman, with flaming cheeks. I don't know what we should have done at this awkward crisis, had not that precious boy, for once, made himself useful by setting up a timely screech upon discovering that his 'wabbit's' leg was broken; and then poor Mrs. West went into hysterics, and Dr. Penistow's professional skill was in great demand.

"Miss Milman has gone home, the most thoroughly-outdone woman you ever saw. Two excellent matches spoiled, and no margin to build another upon."

"And yourself, Addie?" I asked, with real concern.

"All serene!" said she, with a laugh. "But I've had a narrow escape. I couldn't say 'yes,' positively, last night, to Dr. Penistow; I begged for time, and hereafter I shall always believe that there is luck in leisure. I didn't more than half believe him, well as he talked. All that he said to me might fill pages with very pretty eloquence; but what he said to that girl, 'Bonnie!' and 'It is six years since we parted,' comprised a volume. You need not put faith in any man's affection when he can do such justice to grammar and rhetoric."

"And where is the doctor?"

"Chewing the end of sweet and bitter fancies," I suspect. What jolly fun I shall have when I give him the consent he pleaded for yesterday! I'll demolish him at last, Miss Seaforth."

And I think that Addie did thoroughly demolish him. The situation offered too strong a temptation for a girl of her propensities to resist.

"I have played upon every string of the mighty Penistow heart," said she, afterward, "and I like him better than ever."

"Addie Lucas is a remarkable girl," said he, as he walked with me to see Ruth, "and I like her as I never liked her before."

As for Ruth, of course she did not marry Mr. Chellis, though she grieved sorely over what Addie termed "her inevitable perfidy." The disappointed, good-natured suitor acquiesced with a good grace, and disappeared from the scene of his defeat for some weeks; but Miss Milman resisted all our efforts to propitiate her, and proved quite a damper to our high spirits, when, who should come to the rescue but my niece, Laura! She wished to see for herself whether I had really improved so much, and, besides, she needed a little relaxation.

It used to be said of Laura, in days gone by, that she was the most ubiquitously-acquainted woman on record, but we were surprised when we found that Mrs. Arden, Ruth's grandmother, was an old friend of hers, and that Ruth had once given drawing-lessons to her boys.

"Why," she said, "I came very near asking Dr. Penistow to see Mrs. Arden several times, winter before last, but these doctors have so authoritative a way of taking a case out of one's hands."

Dr. Penistow smiled.

"Yes, smile," continued she; "but if you did snatch my aunt away, I've had Mr. Left-

wich's cousin, George Hardy, with me for six weeks, and I've cured him completely of all his ailments, except *envy*, for the relief of which I shall hand him over to Miss Milman's tender mercies, with a request that she will marry him to some charming girl."

This request was entirely congenial to Miss Milman's inclinations, and so peace was made.

Miss Penistow's wonder and delight at the unexpected result of her nephew's courtship were amusing to behold. She had a spark of romance in her composition, which, under circumstances so auspicious, speedily kindled into a flame. The good old lady warmed toward all the world, and toward Miss Lucas especially. She declared that Addie was developing good traits every day; and Addie improved every opportunity to play off on her new ally's credulity. The wicked young schemer became devoted to Jack, and, strange to say, Jack became almost devoted to her. We had not the remotest suspicion of mischief until her mischievous little mine was sprung.

The *dramatis persona* of this little sketch, with the melancholy exception of poor Joe Chellis, were assembled in Miss Penistow's garden on one of those rare and charming days that summer spares to autumn, when the doctor, in the extravagance of his happiness, took it into his head to consult Jack's views about Miss Arden. Apparently he had forgotten his previous rough experience with that honest young oracle.

"Jack," said he, blandly, leaning over the back of Ruth's seat, "which do you like best, Miss Arden or me?"

"You," said Jack, promptly, to his uncle's confusion.

Addie, demure as the kitten at her feet, said, softly:

"Don't be rude, dear. Miss Arden was once your 'pretty young lady'; but now she is Dr. Penistow's."

"Well," said Jack, magnanimously, "he is welcome to her; she—*steals*."

Miss Penistow's cap "bristled," as Addie would have said. "Jack! Jack!" cried she, severely.

"It's in her pocket-book, uncle doctor, and it belongs to you," persisted Jack, whom Addie was secretly encouraging. "When I was sick, she—"

Ruth ran to Jack, and would have put her hands over his lips, but Addie prevented her.

"Go on, Jack, my brave," cried his young aunt, gayly; "let us hear this interesting confession. There was evidently one symptom of your attack that escaped the discrimination of your physician."

Jack proceeded with great glee:

"She broke open my uncle doctor's watch. There were two papers in it, and one of 'em she took out, aha! She knew she was doing wrong; her hands *shook* so, she dropped the watch bang! on the floor. She thought I did not see her, aha!"

"My property, Bonnie?" said the doctor, holding out his hand.

Poor Ruth, with many blushes, drew forth her little worn pocket-book, took thence the picture of the paradise-bird, and laid in Dr. Penistow's outstretched palm.

"Jack, my angel!" cried Addie, snatch-

ing up the little elf, "you shall have that red wheelbarrow you cried for last week; you deserve a reward for giving Miss Arden a worse character than you gave me, under this very pavilion not long ago!"

KAMBA THORPE.

## ROMANCE OF OLD COURT-LIFE IN FRANCE.

BY FRANCES ELLIOT.

WITH ILLUSTRATION BY ALFRED FREDERICKS.

### CHAPTER XXXV.

AT VAL DE GRÂCE.

The ancient Benedictine abbey of the Val Profond, near Bièvre le Châlet, three leagues from Paris, was founded by Robert, son of Hugh Capet. Soon after her arrival in France, Anne of Austria bought the ground upon which the then ruined abbey stood, moved the nuns to Paris, and placed them in a convent called the Val de Grâce,\* under the Mont Parnasse, near the Luxembourg Gardens. To this convent of the Val de Grâce the queen often resorted, to seek in prayer and meditation (for she was eminently pious) consolation and repose. On these occasions she occupied a suite of rooms specially set apart for her use.

It is a bright morning, and the sunshine streams through the painted windows, and streaks the marble floor of the queen's oratory with checkered colors. To the east, under a lofty window, stands an altar, covered with a costly cloth, on which, in golden sconces, burn many votive candles. Anne of Austria is seated in a recess, on a carved chair of dark oak. She is dressed in black; her golden curls are gathered under a sober coif; she looks pale, and ill at ease; her eyes, dulled by want of sleep, are anxious and restless; but there is a resolution in her bearing that shows she is prepared to meet whatever calamity awaits her with the courage of her race. Mademoiselle de Hautefort sits on a low stool at her feet. She is weeping bitterly.

"Ah, madame," she sobe, "this is Richelieu's revenge! It is all his doing. How could your majesty listen to the advice of that wild duchess, and affront him so cruelly at Saint-Germain? Alas! he will persecute you as long as he lives."

"I cannot recall the past," answers Anne, sadly.

"Had you reposed confidence in me,

madame, this would never have happened. Madame de Chevreuse has sacrificed you to her love of intrigue."

"My poor Chevreuse! she is no more to blame than I am. Where is the duchess, mademoiselle?"

While the queen speaks, a sound of wheels entering the court-yard from the street of Saint-Jacques breaks the silence. A moment after, Madame de Chevreuse rushes into the oratory, so hidden in a black hood and a long cloak that no one would have recognized her. She flings herself on her knees before the queen, and grasps her hands.

"Ah, my dear mistress, you are saved!" she cries, breathlessly. Anne raises her, and kisses her tenderly. "I am just come from the Bastile. I went there disguised as a priest. I have seen Chalais. The cardinal interpreted what Chalais said—purposely, of course—into meaning an attempt upon the life of the king."

"Great God!" exclaims Anne, turning her glistening eyes to heaven—"what wickedness!"

"The king has joined the cardinal in a purpose to prosecute your majesty for treason. His majesty is furious. He declares that he will repudiate you, and send you back into Spain. He has commanded the Chancellor Séguier and the Archbishop of Paris to repair here to the Convent of the Val de Grâce to search your private papers for proofs of your guilt and of your treasonable intrigues with Spain. They are close at hand. I feared lest they had already arrived before I could return and apprise your majesty."

"But what of Chalais?" cries Anne. "Why did you visit him in the Bastile?"

"To learn what had passed between him and the cardinal. We must all tell the same story. Chalais confesses to me that, in the confusion of his arrest at Nantes, he did let fall some expressions connecting your majesty, Monsieur, and myself, with the plot against Richelieu, and that, when questioned, he avowed that he acted with your knowledge."

"Ah, the coward!" cries Mademoiselle de Hautefort, bitterly. "And you love him!"

"No, mademoiselle, Chalais is no coward. He is a noble gentleman, whose fortitude will yet save her majesty. He has been betrayed by Louvigny, the traitor, out of jealousy. Do not interrupt me, mademoiselle," continues the duchess, seeing that Mademoiselle de Hautefort is again about to break forth into reproaches against Chalais. "No sooner had Chalais arrived at the Bastile than Richelieu visited him in his cell. He offered him his life if he would consent to incriminate your majesty in the plot. Chalais refused, and asserted that the plot of which you were informed by Monsieur

the Due d'Orléans was directed against himself; and he told the cardinal he might tear him in pieces with wild-horses before he would say one word to your majesty's prejudice."

"Generous Chalais!" exclaims the queen, clasping her hands. "Can he not be saved?"

"No, madame; my noble friend must die. He knows it, and places his life at your feet."

Anne sobs violently.

"Horrible! Oh, that I should cost those who love me so dear! Proceed, duchess."

"The cardinal had in the mean time, as soon as your majesty left Saint-Germain, sent to force your drawers and cabinets for papers." Anne rises to her feet, white with terror. "Never fear, madame; I had thought of that. Laporte had destroyed every thing by my order. Only one letter to your brother the King of Spain was found. It was written the day you left, and confided by you, Mademoiselle de Hautefort, to Laporte;" and the duchess gives a spiteful glance at the maid-of-honor. "Before he dispatched it, Laporte was seized and searched."

"There was nothing in that letter derogatory to me as Queen of France," says the queen, quickly. "I spoke of Richelieu's insane passion for me, and described the scene at Saint-Germain; and I told him I was about to leave for the Val de Grâce—nothing more. The cardinal will not show that letter."

"Yes, madame, God be praised! it is so. But it was absolutely necessary that I should tell Chalais that but one letter had been found, and that perfectly innocent, before he was examined by the cardinal. I have told him. He knows he can save his queen. He is content to die."

As the duchess speaks, the sound of wheels again interrupts them.

"Hark! The chancellor and the archbishop have arrived. Courage, your majesty! All now depends on your presence of mind. Nothing will be found in this convent, and Laporte waits at the door without. He will suffer no one to enter."

Anne flings herself into the arms of the duchess.

"You have saved me!" she cries, and covers her with kisses.

An hour has passed. Laporte knocks at the door, and enters. His looks betray the alarm he tries to conceal.

"The chancellor, madame, has arrived, in company with the Archbishop of Paris," he says, addressing the queen. "The archbishop has commanded the abbess, the venerable Louise de Milli, and all the sisterhood, who went out to meet him, to return each one within her cell,

\* Now the military hospital of the Val de Grâce, 977 Rue Saint-Jacques. Anne of Austria, having been married twenty-two years without issue, vowed that she would build a new church within the convent, if she bore an heir to the throne. After the death of her husband, Louis XIII., she fulfilled her vow. The first stone of the present church was laid in 1645, by her son, Louis XIV.

and not to exchange a single word together during the time he remains in the convent, under pain of excommunication."

The queen and the duchess exchange anxious glances. Laporte speaks again, with much hesitation:

"I regret to say that the chancellor then proceeded to search all the cells. No papers were found."

The duchess clasps her hands with exultation.

"How can I go on?" Laporte groans, the tears coming into his eyes. "For give me, madame; I cannot help it."

The queen makes an impatient gesture, and Laporte continues:

"The chancellor craves your majesty's pardon, but desires me to tell you that he bears a royal warrant, which he must obey, to search your private apartment, and this oratory also."

"Let him have every facility, my good Laporte," answers the queen, collectedly.—"Mademoiselle de Hautefort, deliver up all my keys to Laporte."

"The chancellor and the archbishop desire to speak also to the lady-in-waiting on your majesty, the Duchesse de Chevreuse," Laporte adds.

"What new misfortune is this?" cries Anne of Austria, turning very pale. "Go, dear duchess; all is not yet over, I fear."

Madame de Chevreuse leaves the oratory with Laporte. The queen casts herself on her knees before the sacred relics exposed on the altar. She hides her face in her hands.

It is not long before the duchess returns. Her triumphant air has vanished. She tries to appear unconcerned, but cannot. Anne rises from her knees, and looks at her in silence.

"Speak, Madame de Chevreuse; I can bear it," she says, meekly.

"Alas! my dear mistress, Richelieu's vengeance is not yet complete. The chancellor has announced to me that a council of state is about to assemble in the refectory of the convent. You are summoned to appear, to answer personally certain matters laid to your charge."

Mademoiselle de Hautefort utters a loud scream. The queen, her eyes riveted on the duchess, neither moves nor speaks for some moments.

"You have more to say. Speak, duchess," she says at last, in a low voice.

"Nothing whatever has been found—no line, no paper. I took care of that." And the duchess smiles faintly.

"You have not yet told me all. I must hear it. Conceal nothing," again insists the queen.

"Alas! it is indeed as you say. The chancellor"—and her voice falls almost to a whisper—"has express orders, under the king's hand, to search your majesty's person."

"Search an anointed queen!" exclaims Anne of Austria. "Never!" and she stretches out her arms wildly toward the altar.—"Holy Virgin, help me!" she cries.

At this moment the sound of many footsteps is heard without in the stone passage, approaching the door. Anne of Austria has risen; she stands in the centre of the oratory; an unwonted fire glows in her eyes; a look of unmistakable command spreads itself over her whole person. Never has she looked more royal than in this moment of extreme humiliation. The duchess rushes to the door, and draws the ponderous bolts.

"Now let them come," cries she, "if they dare!"

They all listen in breathless silence. The voice of Laporte, who has returned to his post outside the door, is heard in low but angry altercation. Then he is heard to say, in a loud voice:

"No one can be admitted to her majesty, save only the king, without her permission."

"We command you in the name of the law. Stand aside!" is the reply.

Then another voice speaks:

"We are the bearers of an order from the king and the Council of State to see her majesty."

It is the chancellor's voice, and his words are distinctly audible within.

"I know of no order but from the queen, my mistress. Your grace shall not pass. If you do, it shall be across my body," Laporte is heard to reply.

"We enter our solemn protest against this breach of the law; but we decline to force her majesty's pleasure." It was still the chancellor who spoke. Then the sound of receding footsteps told that he was gone.

"Where will this end?" asks Anne, in a hollow voice, sinking into a chair.

The duchess and Mademoiselle de Hautefort fling their arms round her.

"Bear up, madame, the worst is over. Be only firm; they can prove nothing," whispers the duchess. "There is not a title of evidence against you."

"Ah, but, my friend, you forget that the king is eager to repudiate me. Mademoiselle de Hautefort knows it from his own lips."

"He cannot, without proofs of your guilt," the duchess answers, resolutely. "There are none. And if he does, *qu'importe*? Why mar that queenly brow with sorrow, and wrinkle those delicate cheeks with tears? Be like me, madame, a citizen of the world—Madrid, Paris, London—what matters? The sun shines as brightly in other lands as here. You are young, beautiful, courageous. To see you is to love you. Swords will start from their scabbards to defend you. Your exile in your brother's court will be a triumph. You will rule all hearts;

you will still be the sovereign of youth, of poetry, and of song!"

As she speaks, the duchess's countenance beams with enthusiasm. Anne of Austria shakes her head sorrowfully, and is silent.

"You are happy, duchess, in such volatile spirits," says Mademoiselle de Hautefort, contemptuously, her eyes all the while fixed on her royal mistress; "but I cannot look on the disgrace of the Queen of France as though it were the *finale* to a page's roundelay."

The sound of many heavy coaches thundering into the inner court of the convent puts a stop to further conversation.

"The council is assembling!" exclaims the duchess.

At these words the queen rises mechanically; her large eyes, dilated and widely open, are fixed on vacancy, as though the vision of some unspoken horror, some awful disaster, had risen before her. She knows it is the crisis of her life. From that chamber she may pass to banishment, prison, or death. For a moment her mind wanders. She looks round wildly. "Spare me! spare me!" she murmurs, and she wrings her hands. "Alas! I am too young to die!" Then, collecting her scattered senses, she moves forward with measured steps. "I am ready," she says, in a hollow voice. "Unbar the door."

## CHAPTER XXXVI.

### THE QUEEN BEFORE THE COUNCIL.

The refectory of the convent of the Val de Grâce is a vast apartment, dimly lighted by rows of small lancet windows placed along the side-walls. These walls are bare, panelled with dark wood, and great oaken rafters span the tented roof. At the eastern end hangs a large crucifix of silver. In the centre of the apartment is a table, round which the three principal members of the council are assembled. Alone, at the head, is the king, uneasily seated on the corner of a huge chair. His whole body is shrunk and contracted, as though he were undergoing some agonizing penance. He never raises his eyes, and his pallid face works with nervous excitement. His hat is drawn over his brow; his hands are clasped upon his knees. That he had come in haste is apparent, for he wears his usual dark hunting-dress.

At his right hand is the cardinal, wearing a long, tightly-fitting *soutane* of purple silk, with a cloak of the same color. His countenance is perfectly impassive, save that when he moves, and the light from above strikes upon his dark eyes, they glitter. In his delicate hands he holds some papers, to which he

refers from time to time; others lie on the table near him. Opposite the cardinal are the Archbishop of Paris and the Chancellor Séguier. At the farther end of the council-table, facing the king, Anne of Austria is seated. The color comes and goes upon her downy cheeks; but otherwise, no sovereign throned in fabled state is more queenly than this golden-haired daughter of the Caesars.

The cardinal turns toward her, but, before addressing her, his eyes are gathered fixedly upon her. Then, in a placid voice, he speaks:

"Your majesty has been summoned by the king here present to answer certain matters laid to your charge."

Anne of Austria rises and makes an obeisance, looking toward the king, then resents herself.

"I am here to answer whatever questions his majesty sees good to put to me," she replies, in a clear, firm voice.

"His majesty, madame, speaks through my voice," says Richelieu, significantly, observing her pointed reference to the king's presence; "I am here as his *alter ego*. It is said," he continues, in the same impassive manner with which he had at first addressed her, "that you, Madame Anne of Austria, consort of the king, hold a treasonable correspondence in cipher with your brother, Philip, King of Spain, now waging war against this realm of France, and that therein you betray to him secrets of state to the manifest hurt and danger of the king's armies, by affording treacherous foreknowledge of their movements and of the measures of his government. What answer does your majesty make to so grave a charge?"

"If it be so, let these letters be produced," answers the queen, boldly. "I declare that, beyond the natural love I bear my brother and his consort, Elizabeth of France, sister to the king—which love surely is no crime—I have never, by word or deed, betrayed aught that I might know to the prejudice of the king, my husband, or of this great country of which I am the queen."

"Why, then, madame, if these letters were harmless, did you write in a cipher unknown to the king's ministers?" asks the cardinal, bending his piercing eyes keenly upon her.

"Because," replies the queen, "I knew that spies were set, by the king's order, at *your* instance," and she points to the cardinal, "to waylay these letters, the writing of which has been to me, next to God, my greatest comfort in much sorrow and persecution which I have suffered wrongfully since I came into France."

"Madame," continues Richelieu, speaking with the same unmoved voice and manner, "do you know Henry de Talleyrand, Comte de Chalais, master of the robes to his majesty, and once esteemed by him as his faithful subject?"

"I do know him," answers the queen.

"Do you also know that this gentleman, the Comte de Chalais, has been lately arrested at Nantes, and is now lying in the prison of the Bastile, accused of having treacherously conspired against the sacred person of his majesty, with the design of placing on the throne, at his death, Monseigneur, Duc d'Orléans—brother of the king; and that the Comte de Chalais avers and declares, before witnesses, that he acted by your order and by your counsel? What answer have you to make to this, madame?"

"That it is false, and unsupported by any evidence whatever, and that you, Cardinal Richelieu, know that it is false." Then Anne of Austria raises her hands toward the crucifix hanging before her: "By the blessed wounds of our Lord Jesus, I swear that I never knew that the life of the king, my husband, was threatened; if it were so, it was concealed from me." A stifled groan is heard from the king. Both the chancellor and the archbishop appear greatly impressed by the queen's solemn declaration, and whisper together. Richelieu alone is unmoved.

Then the queen rises, and, for the first time, turns her large eyes full upon the cardinal, over whose frame a momentary tremor passes. "It was of another plot that the Comte de Chalais spoke; and of another assassination, not that of the king. His majesty himself—if I mistake not—knew and did not disapprove of *this other* project, and of removing *him* whom I mean. Nevertheless, I shrank from the proposal with horror; I expressly forbade all bloodshed, although it would have removed a deadly enemy from my path." And the queen, while she speaks, fixes her undaunted gaze full on the cardinal, who casts down his eyes on the papers he holds in his hands. "Let his majesty confront me with Chalais; he will confirm the truth of what I say." Anne of Austria stops to watch the effect of her words. Something like a groan again escapes from the king; he pulls at his beard, and moves uneasily in his chair, as the cardinal's lynx-eyes are directed, for an instant, toward him with a malignant glare. The cardinal stoops to consult some documents that lie upon the table, and for a few moments not a word was uttered. Then, resuming his former placid voice and manner, Richelieu faces the queen, and proceeds:

"Further, madame, it is averred, and it is believed by his majesty, that you, forgetting the duty of a wife, and the loyalty of a queen, have exchanged love-tokens with the said prince of the blood, Gaston, Duc d'Orléans, now for his manifest treason fled into Spain"—at these words, to which she listens with evident horror, Anne clasps her hands—"further, that you, madame, and your lady of

the bedchamber, Marie de Lorraine, Duchesse de Chevreuse, did conspire, with Chalais and others, for this unholy purpose."

Anne's face is suffused with a deep blush of shame while the cardinal speaks; for a moment her courage seems to fail her; then, collecting herself, she stretches out her arms toward the king, and says, solemnly: "I call on his majesty, Louis—surnamed the Just—my husband, to confront me with my accusers; I am innocent of this foul charge."

At this appeal the king half rises, as if with an intention to speak, then sinks back again into his chair. His features twitch convulsively; he never raises his eyes.

"Is that all you have to reply to the wicked and murderous project said to be entertained by you of *wedding, from inclination*, with the king's brother, at his death, if by feeble health, or any other accident, his majesty had been removed?" and the cardinal bends his glassy eyes earnestly upon the queen.

"I reply that I should have gained nothing by the change. The Duc d'Orléans is as fickle and unworthy as his majesty, who sits by unmoved, and hears his consort slandered by her enemies." Anne's eyes flash fire; her indignation had carried her beyond fear; she stands before the council more like a judge than a criminal. "Have a care, Armand de Plessis, Cardinal Minister and *tyrant* of France, that you question me not too closely," the queen adds in a lower voice, addressing herself directly to Richelieu. As she speaks she puts her hand to her bosom, and discloses, between the folds of her dark-velvet robe, a portion of a letter, bound with purple cord, which Richelieu instantly recognizes as the identical one he had addressed to her at Saint-Germain, asking for a private audience. The cardinal visibly shudders; his whole expression changes; his impassive look is turned to one of anxiety and doubt; he passes his hands over his forehead, as if to shade his eyes from the light, but in reality to give his fertile brain a few moments' time in which to devise some escape from the danger that threatens him, should the queen produce that letter before the council. So rapid has been the queen's action that no one else has perceived it. Something peculiar, however, in the tone of her voice attracts the notice of the king, who, rousing himself from the painful abstraction into which he has fallen, gazes round for the first time, and bends his lustreless, gray eyes suspiciously on the cardinal, and from him on the queen; then, shaking his head doubtfully, he again resumes his former weary attitude. Meanwhile the queen, imagining that she perceives some compassion in that momentary glance, rises and advances close to the

edge of the council-table. Grief, anger, and reproach, are in her looks. With a haughty gesture she signs to the cardinal to be silent, clasps her small hands so tightly that the nails redden her tender skin, and, in a plaintive voice, addresses herself directly to the king : "O sire, is not your heart moved with pity to behold a great princess, such as I, your wife, and who might have been the mother of your children, stand before you here like a criminal, to suffer the scorn and malice of her enemies ?"—she is so

the ear of the archbishop, standing next to him, who bows. Then he falls back on his chair, as if weary and exhausted by a hopeless struggle. "My lords, the king cannot deny it," says Anne of Austria, triumphantly, addressing the council ; "My lords, I have never, since I came into France, a girl of fifteen, been permitted to occupy my legitimate place in his majesty's affections. The queen-dowager, Marie de Medici, poisoned his mind against me ; and now Cardinal Richelieu, *her creature*"—and Anne casts a look of

of the Val de Grâce. Nothing was found but proofs of her pious sentiments and devout exercises, such as scourges, girdles spiked with iron to mortify the flesh, books of devotion, and missals. It is to be desired that all royal ladies could disarm suspicion like her majesty. If, therefore, the evidence which the cardinal holds be in accordance with her majesty's declarations, all the charges may be withdrawn, and her majesty be returned to those royal dignities and honors which she so fitly adorns. — Speak, Cardinal



"Now let them come, if they dare!"—Page 811.

overcome that her voice falters, and she hastily brushes the starting tears from her eyes. "I know," she continues, with her appealing eyes resting on the king, "I know that you are weary of me, and that your purpose is, if possible, to repudiate me and send me back into Spain; you have confessed as much to one of my maids-of-honor, who, shocked at the proposal, repeated it to me. I appeal to yourself, sire, if this be not true?" and, laying one hand on the table, she leans forward toward Louis, waiting for his reply; but, although he does not answer her appeal, he whispers a few words into

ineffable disdain at Richelieu—"continues the same policy, because he dreads my influence, and desires wholly to possess himself of the king's confidence, the better to rule him and France."

The queen's bold words had greatly impressed the council in her favor. The archbishop and the chancellor consult anxiously together. At length the Archbishop of Paris interposes.

"Her majesty the queen appears to have explained most satisfactorily all the accusations made against her. I was myself present at the examination of her private apartments within this convent

Richelieu, do you hold counter-evidence—yea, or nay?"

The cardinal does not at once answer. He shuffles some papers in his hands, then turns toward the king, and whispers in his ear. Louis makes an impatient gesture of assent, and resumes his despondent attitude.

"I have his majesty's commands for replying," answers Richelieu, "that no letters implicating the queen in treasonable correspondence with her brother have been at present actually found, although his majesty has reason to believe that such exist. Also that the Comte de

Chalais's statements are in accordance with those of her majesty. Also that the king acquits Madame Anne, his consort, of the purpose of marrying with his brother, Monsieur Due d'Orléans, on whom *alone* must rest the onus of such a crime.—Usher of the court, summon the queen's ladies-in-waiting to attend her.—Your majesty is free," adds Richelieu, and the mocking tone of his voice betrays involuntarily something of the inward rage he labors to conceal. "Madame Anne of Austria, you are no longer a prisoner of state under examination by the council, but are, as before, in full possession of the privileges, powers, immunities, and revenues, belonging to the Queen-consort of France."

Anne of Austria leaves her chair, salutes his majesty with a profound obeisance, of which Louis takes no other notice than to turn his eyes to the ceiling, and then advances toward the door. The chancellor and the archbishop rise at the same time from the council-table, and hasten to open the door by which she is to pass out, bowing humbly before her.

"The royal carriages are in waiting, madame," whispered the Duchesse de Chevreuse, who, with Mademoiselle de Hautefort, were waiting outside; and she wrung the queen's hand. "My dear, dear mistress, I know you are free!"

"Praised be God!" replied Anne, "I have escaped;" and she kissed her on both cheeks, as also her maid-of-honor, who was so overcome she could not say one word of congratulation.

"Come, madame," cried the Duchesse de Chevreuse, "let us leave this dreadful place, I beseech you, lest the cardinal concoct some fresh plot to detain you."

"Duchesse," replied Anne, gayly, "you shall command me. It is to you I owe my liberty. But for your forethought those unhappy letters, wrung from me in moments of anguish—ah! of despair, would have been found, and I should at this moment have been on my way to the Bastile.—My good Hautefort, you have not spoken to me. You look sad. What is it?" and the queen took her hand.

"It is because I have contributed nothing toward your majesty's freedom. Besides, a foreboding of coming evil overpowers me;" and she burst into tears.

She again kissed her, and led her by the hand toward the cumbersome coach which was to bear her to Paris. As Anne was preparing to mount into it, assisted by her page and Laporte, who had reappeared, the Chevalier de Jars approached hastily, and bowed before her.

"How now, chevalier! any more ill news? What is your business here?" asked Anne.

"It is with this lady," said he, turning to the maid-of-honor.—"Mademoiselle de Hautefort, you cannot accompany her majesty to Paris."

"Why, chevalier?" demanded Anne impatiently, still holding her hand.

"Because I am commanded to make known to you that Mademoiselle de Hautefort is exiled from France during his majesty's pleasure.—I am charged, mademoiselle, to show you this token;" and he produced the other half of the golden medallion which Louis had broken during their interview at Fontainebleau. "The king bade me say that by this token he himself commands your instant departure."

The queen clasped her in her arms.

"My poor Hautefort, is it indeed so? Must I lose my trusty friend?"

Mademoiselle de Hautefort threw herself, weeping bitterly, at the queen's feet.

"Alas! madame," sobbed she, "I am banished because I have been faithful to you!"

"Have you got another order—for my arrest, *par exemple*, chevalier?" asked the duchess, archly. "I have also committed the awful crime of faithfulness to her majesty. I suppose I shall go next."

The chevalier shook his head.

"No, madame. You will accompany the queen to the Louvre."

The Duchesse de Chevreuse did accompany the queen to the Louvre; but, on arriving there, she found a *lettre de cachet* banishing her from France within twenty-four hours. A similar order was also served on the Chevalier de Jars.

The queen was free, but her friends were exiled.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

### THE SUNFISH.

*In* the cool, clear stream,  
Where the white pebbles gleam,  
You glide through murmurous ways of shade  
and sun,  
Where currents of untroubled pleasure run.

Thrills of most exquisite,  
Rare happiness fit  
Ever across the crystal of your life,  
Unsmitten of any dissonance or strife.

Uninterrupted flow,  
Above you and below,  
Broad volumes of rich music undefiled,  
And artless as the first song of a child.

And my life, too,  
Is sweetly drifting through  
A crystal deep of wonderful harmony—  
Of songs of birds and streams poured over me!

JAMES MAURICE THOMSON.

### GREAT ENTERTAINMENTS OF OLD ENGLAND.

*In* a recent article on the general style of living in England four or five centuries ago, reference was made to the grand entertainments so often described in the old chronicles. They were prominent features in the

social life of that period. We are astonished at the magnitude of the preparations, and the immense number of people who were fed. Those were not merely great feasts of a single day; but open house was kept for half the country-side for weeks together, and riotous living was the order, from the banqueting-hall to the scullery, from the royal guests to the turnspit, down through all the army of servitors and hangers-on of a great house, and followers in the wake of the court. The good cheer was without limit.

From time to time, in the lives of the chief nobles, came demands for this excessive hospitality; when the sovereign, on a progress or a journey, made some lordly mansion his stopping-place as long as he chose to stay. There were indeed instances when the royal family were so saving of their own revenue that they conferred the doubtful favor of going unasked to visit some baron or primate, on whom they lived an unconscionable while. One of the Henrys is accused of having done this; and Elizabeth is more than suspected of the same meanness.

Not unfrequently these great subjects voluntarily made a costly entertainment; especially was this true of the heads of the principal religious houses, which were immensely rich, far beyond any others in the realm, and often than the monarchs themselves. When the daughter of Henry III. was married to the King of Scotland, the banquet was at the expense of the Archbishop of York, who had six hundred oxen cooked. When the young prince, afterward Edward I., brought home his bride, Eleanor of Castile, his father's secretary gave a feast; and the guests were so many that his house at Tethill would not hold them. The kings and queens were often entertained with great splendor, and at enormous cost, at the opulent abbeys of St. Albans, St. Edmundsbury, and others. The hospitality of the Archbishops of Canterbury, the prolonged festivities at Kenilworth Castle, the prodigal banquets of Cardinal Wolsey, are matters of history. The latter, at his palace of York Place, afterward known as Whitehall, kept up such feastings, to which kings and princes and foreign ambassadors went, in such sumptuous style, with such display of plate of massive gold, as had never been heard of in a subject.

It seems to have been the ambition of the leading nobles of the Tudor reigns, and those immediately preceding, to appear in gorgeous array on festival occasions, to maintain a vast retinue, and to be able to entertain magnificently. And the main purpose of the architects of the palaces and castellated mansions was to make provision for the lodging and feeding of an immense number of guests. Even though the furniture was scanty and unwieldy, and there was almost no decorative art displayed except in the buildings themselves, and when, according to the historian, glass windows were so valuable that, on the temporary removal of the family to London, they were taken out and put away, no expense was spared in the banqueting-halls.

And the kitchen arrangements, although of a primitive character, were on a most capacious scale, calculated in particular for the cooking of an unheard-of quantity of meat.

In those of some of the large establishments there were five enormous fireplaces, each as wide as an ordinary room, and furnished with spits suitable for roasting an ox whole, which best expresses the lavish style of the feasting. An ox, with a gigantic pudding enclosed within in his ribs, where it slowly steamed and grew solid while he was cooking, represented the English idea of plenty and good cheer. The slaughter of a whole herd on such an occasion, even when such a quantity was not needed, and caused great waste, is accounted for partly in the fact that husbandry was so poorly managed that there was not a supply of hay or other food to keep a large stock of cattle through the winter.

Before there were chimneys, the kitchens were provided with furnaces; and King John directed that those in his kitchens should be large enough to roast two or three oxen. In the best houses there were great ranges of dressers for the pewter and brass ware; and chopping-blocks of a size that a giant might find available. Communicating with the kitchen by side-doors were various subordinate rooms, known as pantries, butteries, larders, and others; from which the butlers and pantlers and servitors in general seemed to be always issuing with dishes and messes of one kind and another, hurrying across the passage into the grand hall in the other quarter of the building.

Some of those banqueting-halls were of such dimensions that they appeared more appropriate for a public building than a gentleman's residence—eighty or a hundred feet in length, and of proportionate height and breadth; built of such immense timbers used, in such quantities, beams without number making the arches of the roof, that, as one writer remarks, a whole forest, or at least the choicest of a forest, must have been levelled to furnish the materials. Some of them were wonders of architectural beauty, in oak or chestnut, fluted and carved, and growing dark and mellow in coloring as time went on. And when, as in some of the finest of the fifteenth century, the picturesque oriel was added, and grand, arched windows, filled with stained glass, and large enough for a cathedral, were set in deep embrasures ten or fifteen feet from the floor, the effect was indescribably rich and imposing.

In the more ancient, the fire was in the centre of the room, on a vast circular hearth, called the *veredes*, the smoke escaping through the lower, or turreted, lantern-like opening in the roof, directly above. And the floors of those times were of stone, over which rushes were strewed; later they were of oak, and often raised at one end, where the most distinguished persons sat in chairs of state; cumbrous, almost immovable pieces of furniture, but very elegant in comparison to the stools for the inferiors. Great care was taken in placing the guests, that no violence be done to any man's notions about his rank. In one corner of the room was a movable buffet, answering to the modern sideboard, where the plate was set out, the "court-cupboard" of Shakespeare.

"Away with the joint stools, remove the court-cupboard, look to the plate," says one of the Capulet servants, after the banquet.

Galleries, with latticed boxes for privacy, were built on the sides, and perhaps at one end, where those not sharing in the festivities could sit and look on the scene below. And an imposing one it was; even before there was a great display of gold and silver dishes, or before they knew how to set out the viands in an attractive way, the grandeur of the room, and the gorgeousness of the dresses, must have made a picture of exceeding richness.

Here took place those magnificent banquets, attended by hundreds of serving-men; if in the evening, by the light of many blazing torches or cresses, giving added splendor to the show.

Although the traditional roast-beef made the chief substance of the feast, it must not be supposed that the table was destitute of the various side-dishes of game and minor articles of meat; of soup, the only idea seems to have been the *brewis*, or simple broth, in which flesh had been boiled; but the banqueters had a fancy of their own of having "meat cut in characters," to represent some object in earth, or air, or sea. It was with them as favorite a fashion in food, as was the clipping of trees into the likeness of animals, long time later, in the reign of the Dutch William. It is said of Imogen, when disguised as a boy in the forest:

"But his neat cookery! He cut our roots in characters."

The same conceit was adopted in pastry and confectioners' dishes. Beatrice scornfully calls Claudio

"A goodly coant-confect,"

meaning a sugar nobleman. "Castle-custards" are often referred to—the custard being a very choice article at these feasts—in which the crust was shaped like a castle:

"He had rather build up those invincible pies,  
And custard-custards that affright all eyes."

The common name for the crust of a deep pie was a coffin :

"I'll make a paste,  
And of the paste, a coffin."

And Petruchio says of the little round cap which the tailor brought in for Katherine:

"Why, this was moulded on a porringer!"  
"It is a paltry cap,  
A custard-coffin!"

And of the sleeves of her new silk gown, "curiously cut," he says they are

"Carved like an apple tart;  
Here's snip, and nip, and cat, and slish, and slash."

For their acquaintance with some foreign luxuries and fruits they were indebted to the Crusaders, who brought home many of these, and introduced new ideas and customs from the East, where the people had attained to a high degree of refinement, while England and the neighboring countries at the North were yet in a state of semi-barbarism. The queen-consorts from the south of Europe brought with them elegant appurtenances for the toilet and table; and in their train came professional cooks, skilled in the concoction of fanciful dishes, and the more delicate things which went under the general name of "cates" and "junkets." This knowledge,

however, like many other kinds, such as horseradish, seems to have been rather intermittent among the English—what was understood in one reign being almost lost in another, since, in some respects, for two steps forward they took one backward.

Rice, dates, raisins, almonds, were introduced—the latter becoming a favorite ingredient in certain sweetmeats—a sort of macaroons made of sugar, eggs, and flour.

That same servant of the Capulets, as the tables are being cleared away, calls to his comrade—

"Good thou, save me a piece of march-pane!"  
meaning almond-cake.

Pies and puddings entered into the catalogue of articles for a grand banquet. The place where they were made was called "the pastry." When Lady Capulet bids the nurse take the keys and bring more spices, the latter makes known to her that

"They call for dates and quinces in the pastry."

There were often rather curious compounds. The clown wanted "saffron, to color the warden pies;" that is, the pies made of warden pears, which were never eaten raw. He allows for the sheep-shearers' feast "three pounds of sugar, five pounds of currants, rice . . . ; nutmegs, seven; a race of two of ginger; . . . ; four pounds of prunes, and as many of raisins o' the run." And says another, "Come, thou shalt go home, and we will have fish for fast-day, flesh for feasting-days, and, moreover, puddings and flapjacks;" that is, pancakes.

The crowning profusion was at Christmastide, which was so well understood abroad that the Italians had a proverb, "He has more business than English ovens at Christmas." The king and queen, and all the chief nobility, frequently kept Christmas together, when there was feasting in hall and kitchen; the much-prized sugared wine in the one place, and spiced ale in the other, and the wassail-bowl in both. Richard II., who lived sumptuously and entertained nobly, having ten thousand persons belonging to his household—three hundred of them in the kitchen—after he had repaired the new Westminster Hall in splendid style, kept Christmas there with all his court, feeding ten thousand guests a day all through the holidays.

In the old palace of the early kings at Eltham, there was a great "house-warming" when the third Henry, with his queen and court, were there "a-keeping their Christmas holidays;" and again and again was there excess of banqueting there by successive sovereigns and a grand company of the barons and prelates, with ladies. There King John of France, a prisoner to Edward III., had a most royal feast spread in his honor, on so magnificent, so costly, so lavish a scale, so furnished forth with every thing then known of luxurious living, for such an assemblage, that he had good cause to say of it, what he did of a similar occasion at Windsor Castle, and what may be said of them all, that "he never knew such royal shows and feastings without some after-reckoning for gold and silver."



## A SUNSET WALK.

PURPLE, gold, and ruby tints,  
Are fading in the sunless sky,  
And pearly, dim, uncertain glints  
Mark one lone star on high.  
The cricket's tiny bell is rang,  
The last song of the bird is sung.

Far away the din and fret—  
The daytime hurry and the strife—  
The weary toil and sad regret,  
Which haunt our daily life,—  
Oh, far away these leave me now,  
With sunset's kisses on my brow.

Leaves, which all day idly tost,  
Now pause to listen for the Night,  
Fast riding with his radiant host,  
O'er hills of dying light.  
Around me falls the hush of prayer,  
And dimmer grows the pulseless air.

Peace and Love on all descend !  
Oh, surely, in an hour like this,  
Kind Heaven seems nearer earth to bend,  
To give one good-night kiss !  
Fair home-lights, now, the wanderer sees,  
Like fire-flies, twinkle through the trees.

Loving ones return to him,  
And rosy cheeks with love-light glow ;  
Fond hopes arise, at twilight dim,  
In dreams of long ago.  
And all the joy sweet memory gives,  
Touched by the hand of sunset, lives.

Oh, tranquil sunset of the soul,  
When all the jar of earth is past !  
When storms no longer round us roll,  
And heaven is near, at last !  
We know, though faint and fail we may,  
Calm sunset ends the longest day.

GEORGE COOPER.

## DON CARLOS AND HIS CAUSE.

**F**OR more than forty years—throughout the period embraced in the life of Isabella II.—Spain has been the scene of intermittent and deplorable civil war. The last country in Western Europe to try the experiment of constitutional government, it is also the last to be the field of contest between hereditary claimants to the throne, between the principle of divine right and the principle of the national will. Whether the Don Carlos of the day were fighting against Isabella, Amadeus, or the republic, he has always warred upon a direct or indirect expression of the popular decision. The first pretender, Don Carlos, Count of Molina, contested the right of the Cortes, acting in co-operation with the reigning monarch, to set aside the Salic law in behalf of the reigning monarch's infant daughter, and to effect his own exclusion from the throne. Later, the Carlist protest was made by force of arms against the right of the nation to set aside all Bourbon dynasties whatsoever, and to crown a Savoy prince King of Spain; and now Don Carlos, representing hereditary succession, with all its collateral dogmas and supports, insists, in warlike fashion, that the republic has no *raison d'être*, and is a usurpation of a family right and an indefensible claim.

The continuance and vitality of the Carlist rebellion, which really began as far back as 1830, and which is the most serious danger to the young republic, now in the able hands of Figueras and Castellar, struggling for existence, renders it of interest to know who and what Don Carlos is; upon what grounds his claim to reign over the Spaniards in spite of themselves; and upon what interests and forces he relies to achieve his purposes.

All the present pretenders to the Spanish throne are descended from Louis XIV., King of France. This is the case not only with Isabella and Carlos, but also with the Duc de Montpensier, whose only claim rests upon the fact of his marriage with a younger sister of Isabella, and is, in fact, no claim at all. While Montpensier is descended from the Regent Orleans, with whom the Orleanist family diverged from the royal stock, Isabella and Carlos are equally descended from Philip V., King of Spain, the grandson of Louis XIV. of France, to whom the Spanish throne was left by the will of Charles II. in 1700. The act of this last Austrian King of Spain in bequeathing his throne to a French prince—for Philip was Duke of Anjou, the grandson of Louis XIV.—provoked the League of the Hague, resulting in the "War of the Succession," which was finally terminated by the Peace of Utrecht, in 1713. From this Bourbon prince descended Charles IV., the last common ancestor of Isabella and Carlos, who came to the throne in 1788. Charles IV. was a singular man—a Spaniard prone to peaceful courses, and, like his predecessor, Charles the Great, grew tired of reigning. He had two sons, Ferdinand and Carlos. To the eldest, Ferdinand, he resigned a crown which had long been irksome to him, in 1808, after a reign of twenty years. It was, at the moment, an unenviable legacy. Ferdinand had

not been on the throne one short year before Napoleon swept down upon him, drove him from it, and set up his own elder brother, Joseph Bonaparte, in his place. Ferdinand VII. lived for six years in virtual imprisonment; then Wellington, Picton, and the rest, in the memorable Peninsular War, so glowingly described by Napier, ousted the French, and restored the legitimate king. This Ferdinand, who continued to reign after his restoration for some nineteen years, was a singular character. He was full of weaknesses, yet not without virtues. Certainly he was not a great, or even a good king; but, at least, he was not—which is saying much for a Spanish sovereign—either cruel, vindictive, or tyrannical. He lived on very unhappy terms with his brother and heir, Don Carlos of Molina, who was popular, active, enterprising, and much more after the type of the traditional Spanish prince than his elder; and the history of the palace during Ferdinand's reign is full of their quarrels, and especially of the restless intrigues of Don Carlos. But the energy and brain, which Ferdinand himself had not, were supplied by a marriage which was destined to divert the whole current of Spanish events. It must be premised that Ferdinand was not only indolent and fond of luxurious tranquillity, but was an earnest believer in the doctrine that "it is not good to live alone." In other words, he was the historic rival of the English Henry VIII. in the frequency of his marriages. Within a period of twenty-eight years he led no fewer than five royal brides to the altar, and presented Spain with a succession of queens, all of unusual beauty, and several gifted with brilliant accomplishments; outliving one after another of them, but happily not being forced, or willing, to resort to such methods of repeating the wedding pageant as distinguished the uxorious career of "bluff King Hal." That he had a liking for sisters-in-law, is apparent from the fact that, having married and lost one Saxon princess, he resorted to the same royal household for another; he also married two Neapolitan princesses, one of whom, Maria Theresa, was his first wife, and the other, Maria Christina, his last. Besides these four, he married for his second wife the Infanta Isabella of Portugal, a near neighbor, whose charms he had easy opportunity of observing. It was in his last marriage that King Ferdinand unconsciously imported into Spain a spirit destined to divert the even tenor of the succession, and indirectly to influence the events which have followed. Maria Christina, sister of the odious "Bomba" of Naples, was, at the time of her marriage with the Spanish king, a beautiful, brilliant, self-willed, imperious, and enterprising Neapolitan brunette of twenty-three. Her husband was an exhausted and weak-minded *roué* of forty-five, who was glad enough to find somebody to govern for him. Christina was born to rule, and rule, in fact, she did. She laid Ferdinand under still greater obligations by giving birth, about a year after the marriage (1830), to a daughter; the first child born to Ferdinand, for all that he had been so often married. The queen at once determined that, despite the Salic law, this daughter, in default of a son, should

reign over Spain. She had already succeeded in quarrelling desperately with the heir presumptive, Ferdinand's brother, Don Carlos; mutual jealousy soon served to put these two proud and fiery spirits at daggers drawn. The Salic law, indeed, was in Spain but a tradition. No such restriction appeared on the record of the written law. It had never been practically carried out in Spain; Isabella I. had reigned in conjunction with Ferdinand the Catholic. It was only when the French Bourbon, Philip, had ascended the Spanish throne, that the Salic restriction, confining the throne to males, which had always obtained in France, was supposed to have been imported into the peninsula, and it was by no means certain that it was a Spanish law at all. Here lies the whole gist of the rival claims of Isabella and of the Carlist princes. If the Salic law existed, Don Carlos was the rightful heir; if not, Isabella had the right to the succession. Christina was resolved, in any case, that her daughter should reign. She alternately wheedled, browbeat, cajoled, and threatened poor, vacillating Ferdinand, made the palace too hot for him, worried him almost out of life, until she persuaded him, for his peace' sake, to abolish the Salic law, and to declare Isabella his heiress. The abrogation was confirmed by a compliant Cortes, and, in March, 1830, the claims of Don Carlos were extinguished by law.

Hence arose the long Carlist rebellion; for, neither the Don Carlos who was Ferdinand's brother, nor his successors, have ever for a moment acknowledged allegiance to Isabella, or faltered in the assertion and frequent armed maintenance of their claim to the Spanish throne. In 1833 Ferdinand VII. died, and Isabella, then three years old, duly succeeded. The real power rested in the hands of the indomitable Christina, upon whom were conferred the title and authority of regent; and she governed with a despotic firmness in vivid contrast with the reign of her husband.

Don Carlos did not, however, let the grass grow under his feet. Having courted, during the last years of his brother's life, the favor of the common people, by an affected simplicity which went to the extent of having his carriage drawn by mules, and of dressing his wife in studiously plain *mantillas*, he had become extremely popular, and, as soon as he raised the standard of insurrection, volunteers flocked to his support, especially from the northern provinces and from Castile, by the hundreds. He made his headquarters at Onate, a picturesque little town in the Basque mountains; and there he held a really regal state, having his cabinet, his officers of the household, his court of anciently-descended lords and ladies, his retinue and musical corps, his *fêtes* and anniversary celebrations. At one time Don Carlos was in command of an army in the north of nearly one hundred thousand men; but the vigor of Christina's government, and the activity of her adherents, who were called "Christinos" in contradistinction to the "Carlists," held the pretender at a distance, and he only succeeded in keeping up an intermittent state of civil war. For six years he fought with various success, but with a ferocity which is not yet forgotten by

the peasantry; and then, at last, wearied, disengaged, and hopeless, he retired from Spanish soil, and lived in France, keeping the while an eager watch upon the course of Spanish events. Don Carlos is said, by an English writer who often saw him during his early Basque campaigns, to have been, not handsome, but endowed with an amiable expression, with full dark eyes, swarthy complexion, and a gentle, attractive manner. Meanwhile Christina, who from the first had ostensibly led the "constitutional" party in opposition to the "Absolutists," whom Don Carlos was supposed to represent, was fighting a hard battle, with the nobility and priests on one side and scandal on the other. Of loose and dissolute life, the queen-regent was finally forced, in 1840, to resign the regency into the hands of Espartero, and to herself retire into France. That great statesman faithfully set about forming a constitutional régime, though the difficulties in his way were enormous; and, in 1843, Isabella, then thirteen, was declared by the Cortes to have attained her majority, and to be entitled to assume the royal power.

Two years later the second Don Carlos appeared upon the scene. In 1845 Don Carlos, Count of Molina, abdicated his rights and pretensions in favor of his son, the Count of Montmoulin. This young man tried hard to raise loans and an army to invade the Spanish soil; but now three great men, rivals to each other, but all equally hostile to the Carlist claims, were at Madrid, and their influence was too much for him. These were Espartero, O'Donnell, and Narváez; all men of military genius and able statesmen.

Isabella's marriage with the handsome and amiable but weak and insignificant Don Francis D'Assis, gave young Carlos hopes of at last conquering the realm; but disappointment followed his every attempt; and in 1861 he died suddenly, childless, and was succeeded in his shadowy authority by his brother Don Juan, second son of the first pretender. But Don Juan, like Ferdinand VII., was no soldier, and little ambitious; fond of his ease, luxurious, and easy-tempered, he did little to further the Carlist cause during the seven years that he was its chief. Having married Maria Beatrice, Archduchess of Este, who was the daughter of the late Duke of Modena, he was a brother-in-law of another pretender, the Count de Chambord, who had also married a Modena princess, Maria Theresa. The issue of Don Juan's marriage was a son, Don Carlos, born in 1849, and the same who is now figuring as the chief of his house in Northern Spain. This third Don Carlos, who is but twenty-four years of age, succeeded to the headship of the cause in 1868, when his father, Don Juan, abdicated in his favor, on the expulsion of Queen Isabella from the Spanish throne.

Don Carlos was brought up with the conviction of his right to the throne constantly impressed upon him. He was sent, in early boyhood, by his mother's influence, to a Styrian monastery, than which a fitter place for instilling the doctrine of divine right and the temporal supremacy of the Church could not be found; and there, amid beautiful mountain-landscapes and an old historic land,

surrounded by learned monks who knew well their task, treated as a royal prince, and tended with the most assiduous care, Don Carlos grew up. Nor was he without military training; and the Carlist leaders were delighted to learn that, in his fervid military tastes, as well as in the resoluteness and determination of character thus early betrayed, he far more resembled his gallant and enterprising grandfather than his listless and pleasure-loving father. When he was old enough, a suitable matrimonial alliance was found for him in the person of a Parmesan princess, a granddaughter of the Duchesse de Berri, by which he was attached by one more link to the widely-spread house of Bourbon. The wife, as well as the husband, is descended from Philip V. of Spain, the first French sovereign of that country—the one, through Charles, King of Naples, Philip's son, and the other through Charles IV. of Spain.

No prince in Europe, therefore, better represents in his own person the principle of absolutism and divine right; and he stoutly adheres to it, strenuously warring against the counter-principle of the popular sovereignty. His Italian relatives—the Dukes of Tuscany, Parma, and Modena, and the King of the Sicilies—are all, like himself, exiles; so is his French uncle, who is content to call himself "Henri V." and to live the life of a royal hermit, waiting for France to come and humbly submit herself to him, at the castle of Frohsdorf. Don Carlos alone has taken up arms to reinstate the Bourbons; and, whatever we may think of the rightfulness of his cause, or however little we may sympathize with the assertion of a God-anointed right to thrones, we can scarcely withhold our admiration from a persistency, courage, and contempt of failure, which surely proceed from the most zealous sincerity.

Don Carlos may be said to have no education but that of the cloister. He is essentially narrow of mind, a fanatic, a blind devotee of Rome, and without the least perception of the reason or tendency of modern political forces. As a soldier, he is brave, self-abnegating, prompt, patient of hardships, well up in his manual, full of enthusiasm, hopeful, and chivalrous. His men—who are a ragged set, mostly Basque peasants and shepherds, and men recruited from the Biscayan and Catalonia towns, with a sprinkling of good old Castilian blood for officers—are said to be devoted to him. He looks like a soldier and a prince. Of medium height, with a round, solid head and face; a swarthy complexion; the same full, dark eye which the first Don Carlos had, but a sterner and more threatening one; a bold, thick nose; thick, stubby black hair, beard, and mustache; well built of body; soldierly and dignified, almost solemn in bearing; the true Spanish sobriety of countenance; and a serious, thoughtful, resolute expression—Don Carlos is noted rather for his energy and fire than for graciousness or affability. He is, however, an affectionate husband and a devoted father; and the handsome Duchess of Madrid, his wife, is a true helpmeet and inspiration to him in his arduous and roving life. Ever since he was nineteen, he has been restlessly at work at the task to which he has

vowed his existence. Ambitious to wear the crown, he also yearns to restore the old régime, with all its absolutism, its remorseless repression of free speech and free worship, its domination of the episcopate and the priesthood, and the rehabilitation of the divine-anointed house of Bourbon.

The strength of young Don Carlos lies in the fact that he represents the old as against the new, and can thus reckon upon those to whom the ancient order of things restored would be wealth and power, and to whom that which is, is ruin. Isabella is discredited alike by her vices, the corruptions of her reign, her pseudo-proessions of constitutionalism, and the irregularity of her title. The Due de Montpensier simply typifies compromise, expediency, and the engraving of a dynasty modelled after that of Louis Philippe in Spain. Don Carlos alone is the champion upon whom the Church and the old nobility can rely for a restoration to their ancient authority and dignities. Therefore, a Curé of Santa Cruz, a blood-thirsty, cackoed chief, who burns villages and massacres children, is found fighting for the Carlists; while scions of the great Spanish families—the Medinas and Onates—officer the ragged and half-starved but venturesome and ferocious bands which ever and anon pour down from the mountains and lay waste the country. But the contrast between the following of the Don Carlos of to-day and the disciplined and formidable army which the first Don Carlos reviewed, surrounded by a brilliant staff, forty years ago, betrays the decline of "divine right" as a watch-word and power, and marks a growth in Spain which affords promise for the future. Had Don Carlos been really supported by a majority of Spaniards, had he even had the countenance of any considerable number of generals or public men, in more than one chaotic interval within the past five or six years his opportunity and triumph would have come. When the republic was proclaimed by the Cortes, but a handful of that body were republicans; there was a popular force behind. Had that been Carlist, or even had the Cortes been Carlist, Charles V. would have been to-day King of Spain.

GEORGE M. TOWLE.

## SAVAGISM AN INHERITANCE.

HERBERT SPENCER endeavors to show, in one of his recent works, that, out of vague combinations, organized in our race during barbarous times, when its pleasurable activities were among mountains, woods, and waters, are composed the emotions which a fine landscape produces. The impressions received during many generations of forest-life, modified by civilization, descend, nevertheless, as a positive inheritance in humanity. That is his theory.

Professor Tyndall agrees with the great philosopher of social science. The genesis of his own extraordinary passion for natural scenery, exhibited in Alpine climbing and Niagara exploration, he ascribes to something earlier than his birth. A far-gone ancestry, he thinks, has had to do with making him what he is.

This theory, though incapable of proof by facts, is not improbable, and is abundantly suggestive. The ancestors of all of us were savages. They had the tastes and habits which savagism always exhibits. The very natural question then arises, whether we inherit from them more than mere delight in mountains and valleys, green fields and meandering brooks. Let us see.

During the month of October, 1859, Thomas Collins Childs disappeared from San Francisco. He was a well-known citizen, engaged in mercantile business, aged five-and-thirty years, of good habits, considerable intelligence, and extraordinary energy. Little of his previous history had come to light, beyond the fact that he had held the office of secretary to the Governor of Nebraska Territory. There was nothing against him. He was a single man, fond of society, and had a large, muscular figure and good presence, and was a favorite with ladies. Nothing, not the slightest trace, could be found of him. He went out of sight as a man drowns—here a moment ago, and now gone. His confidential clerk put himself in communication with Mr. Childs, senior, of Kentucky, father of the missing man; and the latter came to California, took out letters of administration upon the estate of the supposed deceased, and wound up his affairs. The account settled at the Probate Court showed the intestate to have left property to an amount exceeding thirty thousand dollars.

Five years after this, a whaling-vessel, threading her way through the dangerous Straits of Magellan, from Cape Pillar to Cape Virgins, ran ashore on Desolation Island. It was in the month of July, in the very depth of an antarctic winter. The Fuegians—blood-thirstiest of savages—had learned of the (to them) happy catastrophe, and at early light the next morning were putting off in their canoes for the stranded ship. The crew had armed themselves with guns and cutlasses to resist any attack that might be made upon the brig by the constantly-increasing birch-bark fleet, when a voice suddenly came over the waters, expressing itself in perfectly correct English:

"Is that you, Dick Hubbard? Don't fire! I'll come aboard."

It was the master of the whaling-vessel whose name had been thus familiarly called out, and who would not have been more surprised had the same voice issued from the overhanging clouds. Without being able to detect the speaker among the hundreds of occupants of the canoes, he shouted in return, at a venture:

"All right! Come aboard! But who, in Heaven's name, are you?"

"No matter! You wait! Only, for God's sake, don't fire, or every mother's son of you will be murdered!"

Presently a long canoe, somewhat gaudily decorated with paint and carvings, shot out from the mass of boats, and under the guidance of eight Fuegians with their paddles, the chief standing on the prow, made its way to the ship. The chief sprung at once on board, the men remaining at their oars. This person, clad in rough furs, with twisted hair and painted face, to every appearance an In-

dian, walked immediately up to Captain Hubbard, and, extending his hand, said:

"What! Don't know me, Dick? Don't know your old partner at Warren's Gulch, in 1855?"

"Heavens and earth!" replied the astonished ship-master, grasping the offered hand—"is it you, Coll Childs? Where did you come from, and what are you doing here?"

"Better ask," responded the other, "how you are to get out of this scrape you are in. The Fuegians look upon this ship as their lawful prize. Although I have been their chief for four years and more, I have not the power to alter their natures. But I can probably gain their consent to let you provision your boats, and those will take you safely enough back to Londonderry Island, where you will find whalers homeward bound."

As the ship was likely to prove a wreck, and as a contest with a whole tribe of savages, outnumbering the sailors a hundred to one, was sheer madness, the captain agreed to the terms, and the disguised white man prepared to leave the ship.

"But you will embark and return to America with us?" asked Captain Hubbard, as his former partner was swinging himself down the ship's sides.

"Not I, Dick. I've been dead to everybody in the United States for five years, and I don't care to be resuscitated. I've got my wives and children here, and I think I'll stay. Good-by!"

For two years longer Childs did stay on those desolate shores, herding with rude barbarians, and sharing his home with ignorant squaws. Overcome at length by entreaties of friends, he returned, and took up his residence in the city of Washington, where he lived as a government clerk for several years. But he tired of civilized life. It was tame. His heart was in the forest. He grew disgusted and morose, and finally put an end to his life with a pistol-ball.

The romance of Senator Houston's life is hardly known to the present generation, and yet it contained enough to furnish material for a half-score of novels. His escape from his mother, when, at the age of seventeen, he fell madly in love with the Indian maiden Tootooloo (Sun-flash), and, following her to her home, adopted the habits of the Cherokees, married her, and for three years, under the name of Oolooteka, hunted and fished and fought as a young Indian brave and acknowledged chief; his unexpected return to his family, grown during his absence, though still wanting six months of his legal majority, to that heroic stature which then, dressed in hunting-shirt and moccasins and blanket and head-gear, and ever afterward, however clothed, made him a man of mark; his abandonment, sixteen years later in life, while Governor of Tennessee, when his early pranks had been forgotten in his successes as a lawyer and triumphs as a politician, of his young and accomplished bride the day after marriage; his resignation of office, and winding up of business, and settlement of affairs, with the utmost deliberation, against the most earnest entreaties of friends and jeers of foes; his securing by deed all his not inconsiderable property to his mother; his return, as an In-

dian chief, to the wilderness, reclaiming his native wife, and dwelling three years longer with his tribe; and his sudden departure, at last, for Texas, for the purpose of becoming a herdsmen on the prairies—all show clearly enough the large element of savagism there was in his character. And yet he was superbly endowed by Nature; was a great soldier, lawyer, and statesman; possessed an executive ability unsurpassed; whether as governor or senator, was the most popular of men; and in polished society was its ornament and delight.

Or take the case of Livingstone, the African traveller. I do not suppose that any one of his family in Canada or Scotland, any person who knew him during his last two visits home, any member of the Royal Geographical Society, or even Mr. Stanley himself, has any doubt *why* Dr. Livingstone has not been and does not come home. It is all well enough to talk about geographical discoveries. Undoubtedly, these have their weight. But whoever supposes that the delights of a wild, roving life have nothing to do with the *quondam* missionary's persistent stay in Africa leaves out an important element in that equation. As long ago as 1858, Livingstone's eccentricities were the talk of his English friends. He disliked life in England, as he found it on his visits. Public notoriety was his abhorrence. Sir Roderick Murchison insisted upon his presence at great meetings, but he always left the platform in disgust. For years, in Africa, it was his wife's influence only that kept him within bounds. The conventionalities of civilized life were irksome to him. He loved freedom. Renown in Europe, weighed against liberty in Africa, kicked the beam. And his persistent stay among those dusky barbarians, adopting their modes of life, sharing in their habitudes of daily existence, and squaring his wants to their supplies, can be satisfactorily explained in one way only: savage life has charms for him which he does not care to resist.

Lady Ellenborough, who has recently died in Damascus, might have returned to Europe at any time during the last sixteen years, and, in spite of old scandals, which, however, were greatly exaggerated, have been received into society. She was a woman of remarkable gifts. The ripest scholars of the East acknowledged her critical ability. Her own vernacular she spoke with no greater correctness than she did seven or eight other languages. There was no European in Syria so familiar with Oriental poetry. In her own right, she was possessed of great wealth. Her family for several years have been urging her return to England, but the same passion for desert-life during several months of every year, which first drew her to her Arab husband, remained even in its ashes sufficiently strong to keep her in the East. Of Lady Ellenborough's occasions for scandal for ten years after she eloped from London with the Prince Schwarzenberg, Austrian minister plenipotentiary at the court of St. James, this paper has nothing to do. That she bitterly repented of them is well known, and that her late years have been spent without cause of reproach, is equally certain. But her Eastern life, ever since she hired at Damascus, in 1857, a Be-

douin escort, commanded by young Sheik Milwal, brother of Sheik Mohammed, chief of the great Anazeh tribe, has been so frequent an example of savagism in civilization, that it is exactly germane here.

There was war among two tribes of the desert, and hence a large number of soldiers was needed in crossing to Bagdad. These were led by the handsome sheik. On the route an engagement took place, and he was wounded by a lance-thrust in the arm. Lady Ellenborough became his nurse. The natural result of all this was, that the young sheik fell in love with the beautiful woman, who possessed all those qualities which could fire an Arab imagination. The fine person, fair skin, large blue eyes, flaxen hair, regular features, full neck, beautiful bust, and well-rounded arms, which for three seasons made her the belle of Almack's, and even up to past the age of forty years were captivating in the extreme, were something the swarthy chieftain had never imagined, even in his dreams of the hours in paradise. He ended in a declaration of love and offer of marriage. To be sure, he had already two Arab wives, but these he offered to divorce.

"I knew," she said last year to Mrs. Burton, wife of the English consul at Damascus, whom she made her literary executor, "I knew what the world would say if I married a Mohammedan. But I could not resist such impassioned love. He lived in my presence only. His songs were full of Oriental images. 'My cheeks were like roses, my teeth pearls, my ringlets graceful as the myrtle.' And then desert-life had irresistible attractions for me, which, after fourteen seasons spent as a nomad, are in no wise weakened."

"Have you ever regretted that alliance, Lady Ellenborough?"

"Yes; but only once. When I found that by my marriage I had lost my nationality, and had become a Turkish subject, I was shocked. Never since, during the thirteen summers we have spent in Damascus, nor during the thirty-four journeys I have made across the desert to Bagdad, have I once regretted that I became the wife of El Mezzab."

"But it is said," rejoined Mrs. Burton, who gives this account in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, "that the sheik imposed upon you servile duties; that you milked the camels, and prepared food for the table, and were treated like the wife of a camel-driver."

"It is false, every word of it," she replied, "and they who say such things know nothing of the life of an Arab lady. I have lived ever since we came to Damascus as you have seen me living these last three years—six months of the year in my own pleasant home, and six with the tribe in the desert; in the former a loved wife and mother, in the latter a true Bedouin queen. The happiest days of my whole life have been those I have passed in the desert."

Mrs. Burton, who thoroughly believes in the goodness of Lady Ellenborough, and who is preparing the memoirs of her friend's life, adds that, up to the last, she retained her fondness for the desert. She left the tents more regretfully every year.

The lady describes her parting at Damascus with the Honorable Mrs. Digby El Mezzab,

sab, as she wrote her name after marriage. It was a year ago. The caravan had moved a mile or two forward. Seated on one of her thorough-bred black Arab mares, she had accompanied Mrs. Burton in the middle of the night out of the city to see her safely started and bid her good-by.

"Do not forget," she said, bending down from her saddle to exchange farewell salutes, and grasping the hand of her friend, "do not forget your promise if I die, and we never meet again."

"Inshallah, I shall soon return."

"But if you do not, and I pass away, remember that with you alone I leave my defense against the aspersions of society and the misrepresentations of the world."

"Inshallah, I will do all that I have promised or you have asked."

The Mount of Olives on one side slopes suddenly and steeply down, as every one who has climbed its sacred heights will remember, to the deep abyss called the valley of Jehoshaphat. From the bottom of this sombre depression rises an abrupt hill, steep as a ram-part, and composed of such a barren ledge that into it no tree strikes its roots, and no moss ever fixes its filaments. The angle of elevation to this curious volcanic formation is so sharp that earth and stones continually roll from it, and it presents to the eye only a surface of dry dust, as if powdered cinders had been poured there from the heights of Jerusalem.

Upon a natural platform about half-way up this hill, where every thing around is gloomy save the mosques and towers, arcades and roofs, graceful domes and Moorish colonnades of the distant city—where no traveller can climb without assistance, and no stranger walk without danger, a French lady of fortune and birth has erected a costly mansion. Madame de la Fonde d'Allier, tired of the refinements and frivolities of society, left France for Syria nine years ago, and has since made her winter-home in the neighborhood of Jerusalem. Her summers are spent in explorations in different directions, sometimes around the Dead Sea, sometimes among the vast ruins of Nineveh and Babylon. She discards the civilization of the West. No European belongs to her household. Her retinue is composed of Arabs. In dress, habits of life, studies, language, amusements, and religion, she is an Albanian of the wilds of the Lebanon. A further remove from the customs of her early life can hardly be conceived. She herself leads the expeditions which she undertakes, sits astride her horse, is armed and dressed as if she were a man, does not hesitate to encounter a foe single-handed, sleeps on the ground in the open air, and asks no counsel save from a Koordish eunuch, who is the captain of her body-guard and the steward of her household. And yet she has hardly reached the prime of life, is an artist whose paintings have given her a name in the French school, and possesses personal attractions which in her former circle in Paris would make her the envied of her own sex, and the admiration of the other.

During the long war, lasting from 1844 to 1867, which England maintained with the Maories in New Zealand, officers from almost

every army in Europe, fellows of universities, sons of noble families, barristers, professors in scientific schools, and men of ample means, entered from time to time into the service of these savages. They adopted the Maori habits, wore the Maori dress, fought with Maori weapons, learned the Maori language, worshipped in the rude Maori temples, trained Maori soldiers for warfare and led them to battle. Instincts for savage life must have been strong in cases like these, when in defeat every thing was to be lost, while in success nothing more than a few barren acres and a home in the wilderness were to be won.

There are now living in the Sandwich Islands more than eight hundred men of European and American birth, merchants, traders, former masters of ships, and even missionaries, who have married native wives, are rearing half-breed families, and have adopted Otaheitan customs. Commodore Au-llick, who, several years ago, under government orders, cruised in a man-of-war over a large part of the Pacific Ocean, and touched at more than two hundred islands, states that he found everywhere domiciled Anglo-Saxons. In the most remote islets a white man was never wanting. Whenever a fleet of canoes, laden with yams and bread-fruit, hovered round his ship, European sailors were sure to be on board. And yet, though his orders were to receive them as passengers, and give them a free passage to the Atlantic coast, not one in twenty was willing to come. Thirty-five per cent. of the Englishmen employed and sent out by the Hudson's Bay Fur Company as trappers and hunters, during a period of seventy years, preferred to remain in the field. And every army officer who has served on the Plains will confirm my statement, that there is not an Indian tribe in all the vast territory west of the Mississippi, whether settled on reservations or roaming over the buffalo wastes, which does not count among its members men from the East.

But the most conspicuous example of deliberate adoption of semi-barbarism which the world has ever seen, was that of Lady Hester Stanhope, granddaughter of the Earl of Chatham. In the year 1806, when William Pitt, England's greatest war-minister, lay a-dying of a broken heart in his splendid mansion in Putney, and said to his accomplished niece, who was holding open before his closing eyes the war-chart of Austerlitz, "Roll up the map, Hester; fetch me my will," it would have added a new pang to his death could he have foreseen that four-and-thirty years afterward the proudest of his family would die a pauper, among entire strangers, under the dripping roof of a dilapidated monastery, in the desiles of Mount Lebanon. Hester Lucy Stanhope had presided for many years at her uncle's table. She was young, beautiful, and rich. The patronage of the British treasury had been almost solely in her hands. Her wit attracted to her side the cleverest men of Europa. But she rejected all offers of marriage, and, when her uncle was dead, finding her income insufficient for her state, she met the calamity fiercely and left England forever. After leading a wandering life in every Eastern country—after being robbed in the Great Desert, and im-

prisoned in Egypt, and shipwrecked on the Euxine—and, after losing a considerable part of her wealth, she settled herself in the almost inaccessible solitudes of the mountains of Lebanon.

Before taking this final step, she had learned the languages of Asia Minor—had sojourned at Jerusalem, Damascus, Aleppo, Baalbec, Alexandria, Cairo, Constantinople, and Palmyra—had organized a numerous caravan, loaded camels with rich presents destined for the Arabs, and overrun every part of Syria—and had received on an elevated throne the homage of more than fifty thousand Bedouins with their oath, that every European, who might ever afterward receive one of the firmans then delivered to her, should have free pass through the desert, and safe-conduct among the ruins.

Abdallah Pacha granted her the remains of a convent near ancient Sidon. It was situated in the midst of sterile highlands, where mountains linked themselves to mountains like rings of a close chain, completely divested of vegetation and soil, worked upon for ages by waters and winds, and strewed over by masses of gray rock. Upon the top of one of these barren hills an esplanade, some toises broad, is formed, and here a half-dozen one-storyed huts formed what was called the ruins of the Dgioun Monastery. Here, for more than twenty years, while the miserable hovels were rotting to the ground, without a newspaper or book or magazine, forsaken by her European servants, forgotten by her English friends, and an object rather of curiosity than of regard to travellers, lived, and at last died, the woman who had been the acknowledged leader of English society in the palmiest days of Briton's glory.

In personal appearance, there was said to have been a close resemblance between Lady Hester Stanhope and the great Chatham. She had large, gaunt features; and Kinglake, who saw her when she was about sixty, said that her appearance certainly reminded him of Copley's picture of the statesman dying in the House of Lords. Her dress was always a turban made of pale cashmere shawls, so worn as to conceal the hair—a long yellow cashmere shawl on her person, and an immense robe of white silk, with flowing sleeves, and Turkish yellow boots. She was of commanding size and presence; possessed a dignified, majestic and thoughtful countenance; and conversed with great positiveness of manner and correctness of diction. Perhaps the largest element of her character was courage. Nothing could affright her. She once met some hundreds of Bedouins, fully armed, galloping toward her in the desert, ferociously shouting, and apparently intending to take her life. Her face at the time was covered, she trotted her mare leisurely along, and when the foremost Arab had almost reached her, stood up in her stirrups, tore off her *psalmac*, waved her arm, and cried out, "Avant!" The horsemen instantly re-cooled.

It has often been said, in the way of accounting for Lady Hester's eccentricities, that she was insane. But the Rev. Dr. Thompson, then missionary of the American Board at Beyroot, who knew her well, said, "She

was not merely sane, but sensible, well informed, and extremely shrewd." There can be no doubt that she adopted savage life from choice. She enjoyed bloodshed. Pity, as a qualifier of justice, she was ignorant of. When one of her villages was disobedient she annihilated it. A mountain *chælet* concealed a murderer; she burned it with its inmates to the ground.

And she held on gallantly to the last. Hearing that she was ill, Dr. Thompson rode with the English consul into the mountains to visit her. The buildings were a formless ruin. A profound silence reigned over the place. They knocked at the doors, but no one opened them. Lighting their own lamps, and stumbling their way over decayed timber and through pools of water, unquestioned and unmet, they came to where Lady Hester Lucy Stanhope lay a corpse! The isolation from her kind complete at last. That morning thirty-seven servants had watched every motion of her eye; the spell broken, and every one fled with plunder. The consul and missionary bore her to the burial in her garden.

Other examples of the preference, in smaller or larger measure, without necessity, of savage to civilized life, by men and women who know what each is, might be cited almost without number. Enough have been given here to show that Herbert Spencer's theory possesses at the very least the elements of plausibility. And that is all I proposed to do.

N. S. DODGE.

## MISCELLANY.

### *Selections from New Books and Foreign Journals.*

### *THEATRES AT VERSAILLES UNDER LOUIS XVI.*

DURING the winter, from the month of December to Easter, the various companies acting in Paris came to Versailles to wait upon the court. Tuesday was devoted to tragedy, Thursday to French comedy, Friday to the comic opera. The grand opera was only performed five or six times each winter, and that was on a Wednesday. Louis XVI. generally preferred tragedy and comedy, and attended very constantly. Knowing all the great poets well, and justly appreciating their beauties, possessed of an excellent memory, the king then found himself in his element, while, from his unmusical ear, he was not likely to enjoy the opera, and could not help yawning. I really never heard any one sing so out of tune as the poor king; happily, music is not a necessary qualification for a ruler. In compensation, he was especially charmed with the fine melodious verse of Racine. I remember that, one evening on retiring, at Fontainebleau, a tragedy of that poet was mentioned that had just been exhibited on the stage. One of the courtiers tried to recite some lines, and broke down. The king took the word, and gave us the whole scene, with a truth of rendering that showed his taste and knowledge.

To that visit to Fontainebleau I always ascribed the savage hatred of the poet Chénier to kings, and especially Louis XVI.

Then for the first time\* was represented

his first tragedy, named "Azémire," the subject of which was taken from the Crusades. Possibly he had expected to be more indulgently received at the court than in the city, and thought that his piece would escape shipwreck through the reverence that excluded hissing in the king's presence. Really there never was such a ridiculous tragedy. A knight-crusader was captivated by the charms of a young Mussulman lady, like Rinaldo in the palace of Armida. All his brothers-in-arms essayed in vain to make him blush for his weakness; none of the beautiful lectures addressed to him could remove his blindness; he remained insensible to every thing, even to this beautiful apostrophe: "What will the French say?—what will your old father say?" An actor, named Dorival, had to repeat these bad verses; his pronunciation was labored, but that did not prevent his being very good at argumentative parts, where he never made a mistake. But on that day his tongue got so confused that there was heard: "What will the French say?—what will God the Father say?" This strange version was received with an immense burst of laughter, and the very actors were infected. But at the end of the fourth act, a shrill and prolonged hiss arose from the upper part of the theatre. As I mentioned above, this was quite unheard of at the representations before the court. This breach of respect, the position of the fenced box where the king took his place, all seemed to show that the king alone could have emitted this unfortunate note, which made a sure mark on the ear of M. Chénier, hatched his monstrous tragedy of Charles IX., and made him an irreconcilable enemy of kings.

The theatre at the castle of Versailles was situated in the alley on the right of the royal court. This side of the castle had been rebuilt at a later date, and the new style did not agree well with the severe taste and sombre tint of the work of Louis XIV. The theatre did not hold many people, but the stage was large, and could be used for the representation of the operas most loaded with actors and scenery. All the accessories of the hall were convenient, and the interior decoration splendid. The boxes were lined with draperies of blue-watered silk; those where the royal family sat had a railing in front, and were on the ground-tier. All persons who had not the right of entry through their offices, put down their names with the captain of the guards to get tickets, as it was part of his duty to answer for all persons who approached the king. The pages of the chamber had their places in the box of the first gentlemen, and thence we carried their orders to the stage by a little staircase. The old Marshal de Duras, always gallant, often sent us to fetch the actresses to his box, to receive a compliment, or sometimes a kiss; he advised us to kiss their hands as we led them back, and the virtuous *Idamé*, or haughty *Aminadis*, would go down the tortuous stair, not on the arm of a mandarin or a knight of Syracuse, but on that of a page, with his hat under his arm.

The king settled the time for the play according to its length, as he did not choose to keep the officers who came for the counter-sign waiting, and always went out at nine o'clock exactly himself to go to the supper with madame. In the morning, M. Desenelle, manager of the *menu plaisir*, presented him with the programme containing the list of parts, the names of the actors to take them, and the time the play would last. Every representation was costly, for carriages were provided for the actors to come from Paris, and all the body and stage of the theatre were lighted with wax-candles.

The choir of the chapel was the orchestra; and though Kreutzer, Beozzi, and Salentin, were heard among them, things might have been better done, because the singers

were not used to the musicians, and the latter more used to playing *motes* than operas.

Besides the theatre I have mentioned, there was one at the end of the castle, on the north side; perhaps the handsomest in Europe, except those of Italy. Plays were seldom acted there, on account of its size and the necessary expenditure. Only one *fête* was given there during the four years I knew Versailles. The theatre was larger than any in Paris, and the total height of the building was a hundred and twenty feet. The sight was magnificent when all the court were assembled there. The numerous lusters and splendid dresses were reflected from the looking-glass that covered the boxes. The depth below the stage was frightful to see through any of the traps when open, and one might well think so, as the son of the mechanist, Boulet, was unlucky enough to fall through and was crushed.

When a court entertainment was to be given, several rows of boxes were erected on the stage, and these, with the fixed boxes, completed the oval. The decoration of these boxes seemed like the reflection from precious stones, so brilliant was the effect of the gilding. The last of these entertainments was given for the Count du Nord, the Emperor of Russia, Paul I.; only the body of the theatre was lighted up. As for the East-Indian ambassadors I shall mention below, it was they themselves that were the beauty, or rather the curiosity of the sight, going on the stage and falling into ecstasy at all the scenes that were represented by perspective in relief when really flat. I may add that the famous banquet of the body-guard was held in this theatre a few days before the 5th of October, and served for an excuse for that miserable day.

There was, besides, a public theatre in the town. The ground-tier was occupied by five or six boxes, always filled with a portion of the hundred and fifty pages then at Versailles. They carried out a severe discipline on the pieces, on the actors, and even on the pit, though they often gave occasion for quarrels. I saw several break out. One day a page of the great stable, called Frébois, was eating a hot milk-posset on the front of his box, when a bad joker in the pit called out, "Down with the posset." M. de Frébois rose with the utmost quietness, took up the jug, and sprinkled the contents over the pit, as they turned over with a loud laugh to escape the hot liquid.

In this theatre I heard a joke that showed how far disrespect for the royal family had already advanced, they being present in a box taken for them, and it might almost have given cause to foresee their fate. The opera of Paisiello, called "King Theodore at Venice," was going on in 1788. In the scene where the king's servant, telling their host of his master's pecuniary embarrassment, several times repeats, "What shall we do?" a voice from the pit replied, "Assemble the notables!"—*"Recollections of a Page at the Court of Louis XVI."*, translated from the French by Charlotte M. Yonge.

#### THE EDINBURGH REVIEW ON GENERAL LEE.

[The last number of the *Edinburgh Review* has an article on Cooke's "Life of General Robert Edward Lee," which has attracted very general attention, not only on account of its admirable analysis of the Virginia campaigns, but for its splendid eulogy upon the character of General Lee. We quote the opening portion of the article:]

Five years have passed by since General Grant first publicly sought the presidency of the great republic which owed so much to his services in war; but the peace which he then

made his motto has not yet smiled on the conquered South. The world from outside the narrow sphere of American politics looks on with surprise at the petty warfare against individuals which has succeeded the gigantic contest between Union and Secession. Amnesty upon amnesty, ever repeated, never complete, tells the tale of mistrust still nourished on the victor's side, or of party intrigue defeating national generosity in its purposes. Traveller after traveller through the limits of the overthrown Confederacy brings back the sad story of ceaseless dissension and widespread ruin. Rival Legislatures, born of mean fraud or open violence, contest the political supremacy here. There negro revolt, unchecked by law, threatens summary vengeance for the long-endured wrongs of the slave. In other districts secret and bloody societies strive, by illegal combination, to prolong the rule which has passed away from the white. Everywhere rises the same story of corrupt administration and finances involved to enrich the mean adventurers who have swarmed in upon the prostrate States for booty, as foul birds seek their prey when the carnage is over. And the ruler, who called upon the nation that elected him to join in the noble wish, "Let us have peace," has found his task of political pacification more arduous, more thankless, and withal more prolonged, than the command of the Union armies for the overthrow of Secession.

If to us afar off this defeat of the first hopes that came with the victory of the Union seems sad and surprising, how must those feel it who dwell near the contending parties that prolong the strife, without sharing their political passions? Even among those that lend themselves to prolong the intolerable state of things in the reconquered States must be many who regret the results bitterly, while they excuse the means used by the false reasoning of expediency. And doubtless, in the Northern States, there are thousands of good men to whom each phase of the political conflict that makes its market in the strife of the South seems an unmixed evil, which mars, in their view, the full freedom and growing greatness of the Union. But all these can look on with comparative serenity. For how much happier are such than those whose lot has been cast among the storms that sweep over the face of what they once dreamed of as an independent, well-governed republic; who have watched sorrowfully the growth of the evils they could not ward off from the States which gave them birth; who had offered their lives freely in battle to save these from what they deemed oppression, and yet, when the cause for which they had fought fell, bowed their heads meekly before the victors' yoke, in hopes that their submission, possibly their sacrifice, might save their humbler fellow-citizens from ruin; who, when called upon to set the example of prudence, thought it no shame to ask pardon at the hands of that government which once their victories had shaken; who urged the writers that would extol the brief-lived glories of the Confederacy to "avoid all topics that would excite angry discussion or hostile feeling;" \* who turned their faces steadfastly away from the ambitions and hopes of the dead past to seek compensation for defeat and loss in the steady performance of humble daily duties; whose blameless lives and peaceful bearing in adversity have testified to their love of country more gloriously than deaths upon the battlefield; whose conduct, in short, when conquered, has won involuntary admiration from the adversaries who once heaped curses upon their rebellious names! Many such there must have been, victims of fate, sacrifices to political necessity, innocent expiations, if the truth be told, of wrongs done in ages past to

\* General Lee's words to an author undertaking to write the Life of Stonewall Jackson.

helpless Africans, among the leaders of the late Secession. One such, at least, all recognize in Robert Lee, General-in-chief of the ex-Confederate forces, better known as the Commander of the Army of Virginia, who passed away, after five years' endurance of his altered position, without the sign of ailment outwardly, without a word of pain—that great heart, which repined not for his own loss of dignity or of ancestral fortune, giving way, at last, under the continued pressure of the ruin and degradation of the beloved State to the freedom of which the prospects of his whole life had been sacrificed.

While he lived, General Lee never ceased to contemplate (as we know from his private correspondence with ourselves) giving a record of his own career to the world. But the time never came when, in his judgment, this could be honestly and fully done without stirring up the bitter feelings he would have sacrificed all he could give to allay. Now that he has passed away, others cannot be so reticent; and Mr. Cooke has lately produced a Life of the dead hero, which, if wanting in many particulars, is more so, perhaps, from the greatness of the subject than from the imperfections and partiality of the writer. A large part of his volume is, of course, directed to those campaigns which have placed the name of Lee in the very foremost rank of the world's great commanders. These, however, have long been well known and studied in England in their general outlines. They were known and admired here before the American public could bear a critical recital of the defeats of the Union generals. Be it our present task rather to speak of those portions of Lee's eventful life which are less known on this side of the Atlantic—what sacrifices he made when he cast in his lot with the South; how, brought into command by an accident, his first stroke raised him to the eminence he never lost; how he fell, carrying in his fall the tottering Confederacy which had ceased to hope in any other name; how he bore himself in his retirement, when, vanquished by fate, yet crowned with undying fame, he rivalled in patience the patriarch of Uz, and waited in sad watch over surrounding ruin through his appointed time for the change which he longed for, but would not anticipate. Some eulogist, worthy of the grandeur of the theme, will, we hope, arise hereafter. But it is time that at least an attempt should be made to do justice to the virtue and patriotism of the man, known hitherto to Englishmen chiefly as one of the greatest of modern generals.

#### SEA-BATHING.\*

One who has passed his early life in an inland city or village can well remember how frequently he has desired to see the heaving waters of the ocean, to hear its tempestuous roar; and, on visiting a seacoast city for the first time, he may not have been content to look upon the waters of the bay, but may have journeyed to some exposed portion of the coast-line, where the waves roll in from across the broad waste of waters. To every one there are majesty and beauty in the sea.

The air at the sea-side has a peculiar freshness and life, that, as we breathe, seems to penetrate every portion of our frame, and impart to us new vitality. And we shall not have breathed this air long before we shall experience a keen appetite, and, if vigorous, feel inclined to athletic exercise. Exactly what it is in the constitution of *sea-air* that produces these effects has not been discovered. We, however, know that the air is purer than

\* "The Mineral Springs of the United States and Canada, with Analyses and Notes on the Prominent Spas of Europe, and a List of Sea-side Resorts." By George E. Walton, M. D. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

that of the land, less contaminated by miasm, by vegetable exhalations and noxious gases, though in the component oxygen it differs but little. The air of the ocean is always highly charged with watery vapor, bearing with it a perceptible amount of chloride of sodium. When we have been exposed to the sea-air for a long time, we detect this in the salt taste experienced when the tongue touches the outer borders of the lips. Experiment has shown that this saline vapor is much more freely diffused when the ocean is agitated, and it is then carried inland for several miles. Besides containing chloride of sodium, it is quite probable that the atmosphere of the sea also contains a proportion of iodides and bromides—a conclusion, however, which is not based on direct experiment. And, although chemistry has not revealed the minute differences between ocean air and that of the land, still, whoever is familiar with its odor can recognize it miles inland from the sea-shore. Many persons sojourn at the sea-shore more for the purpose of breathing the sea-air than for bathing in the surf. Breathing sea-air affects the organism by the change wrought in the blood, and thus in the entire system. How quickly medical agents act through the lungs is shown by the rapidity with which anesthesia may be produced by chloroform.

Sea-air is deemed especially applicable to chronic bronchitis accompanied with considerable expectoration. If the patient, on the contrary, has dry cough and great irritability of the lungs and larynx, it will not prove beneficial. In the chronic cough of old age—senile bronchitis—it is also advantageous, if the patient is not a sufferer from asthma and emphysema. Phthisis in its early stages is favorably influenced by a residence at the sea-side, or repeated ocean-voyages. Indeed, the last-named remedy has been a favorite in all ages. Pliny, Celsus, and Galen, have all testified to its virtues. Care, however, is recommended that those cases only seek the sea in which the cough is moist, and there is very little tendency to haemoptysis.

The temperature of the sea, like that of rivers, is never constant, varying according to the seasons. At the sea-side resorts it ranges between 60° and 70° Fahr. during the season. The sea-bath is a cold bath, and its effects may almost all be deduced from this fact. But it is a cold bath under the most favorable conditions. The fascination of the sea, the attraction of many bathers in the water at the same time, the excitement attendant on the rolling in of the waves, and the exercise required in meeting them, contribute to the salutary effect that is experienced. Here the person makes no conscious effort to exercise, but the entire surroundings lead him to do so, and often so vigorous is this exercise that reaction commences while in the water, to be followed by complete redness of the surface, and a feeling of renewed energy when he retires to the dressing-room and is thoroughly rubbed and dried. That the mineral constituents of the water have any part in the result is exceedingly doubtful, for, on the one hand, the temperature of the water is so low that the skin is unprepared for absorption, and, on the other, the period of immersion is usually so short that, under the most favorable conditions, little absorption could occur. However, it must be remembered that, during the entire time, the lungs are continually filled with the aroma of the sea, and the blood much more highly charged with its medical properties than when at the hotel on the shore. The time passed in the bath varies from five to twenty minutes, and, where the water is unusually warm, it may be extended beyond these limits. One bath a day is sufficient, and two each day as many as should be indulged by the most vigorous. In some instances reaction is not readily established on coming from the bath,

and, in such cases, in addition to rubbing with the coarse towel, it will be advantageous to immerse the feet in warm water. It is almost unnecessary to say that morning is the preferable time for the bath, and that the stomach should be empty when it is taken. The effect of a course of sea-bathing, according to Durand-Fardel, is as follows: The first baths cause excitement, excessive fatigue, pain in the muscles and course of the nerves, especially if the sea has been rough; sometimes the appetite is lost. But, in five or six days, these conditions disappear, and a feeling of *bien-être*, of vigor and joyousness, succeeds; at the same time the appetite is increased, and the secretions are more active, especially those of the kidneys, skin, and lungs. But, if the baths are too long continued, after fifteen, twenty, or thirty days—according to the individual—the excitement, fatigue, and the pain reappear, and, if the baths are not discontinued, all the advantage gained may be lost.

Sea-baths are especially applicable to persons of lymphatic constitutions. In these classes they favorably influence a number of diseases by the tonicity wrought in the system. They have been highly lauded as a remedy at the age of puberty, in both sexes, when there is a want of development, an apparent failure of the vital force; they then stimulate to a renewed effort, the pale youth develops into a vigorous boy, and the cheek of the anemic girl assumes the rosy hue of health.

#### WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

There were few visitors to Florence between the years 1829 and 1835 whose attention had not in some way been directed to an elderly English gentleman, residing with his family in a commodious villa on the pleasant slope of those Fiesolian hills, full of the scenes and memories of Boccaccio—with the cottage of Dante, the birthplace of Michael Angelo, and the home of Machiavelli in sight, and overlooking the Valdarno and Vallombrosa, which Milton saw and sang. He had lived previously for six years in the city, at the Palazzo Medici, and for a short time in another campagna, but he had few acquaintances among his countrymen except artists, and scarcely any among the natives except picture-dealers. He had a stately and agreeable presence, and the men-of-letters from different countries, who brought introductions to him, spoke of his affectionate reception, of his complimentary old-world manners, and his elegant though simple hospitality. But it was his conversation that left on them the most delightful and permanent impression; so affluent, animated, and colored, so rich in knowledge and illustration, so gay and yet so weighty—such bitter irony and such lofty praise, uttered with a voice fibrous in all its tones, whether gentle or fierce—it equalled, if not surpassed, all that has been related of the table-talk of men eminent for social speech. It proceeded from a mind so glad of its own exercise, and so joyous in its own humor, that, in its most extravagant notions and most exaggerated attitudes, it made argument difficult and criticism superfluous. And when memory and fancy were alike exhausted, there came a laughter so pantomimic, yet so genial, rising out of a momentary silence into peals so cumulative and sonorous, that all contradiction and possible affront were merged forever.

This was the author of the "Imaginary Conversations," who was esteemed by many high authorities in our own and in classical literature to be the greatest living master of the Latin and English tongue. But it was not the speaker, real or fictitious, or the writer, less or more meritorious, who had made so wide a reputation in that flowery town, not yet

conscious of the burdens and honors of patriotism, but sufficiently happy in its beauty and its insignificance. His notoriety referred to a supposed eccentricity of conduct and violence of demeanor that exceeded the license which our countrymen, by no means original at home, are believed to claim and require when travelling or resident abroad. The strange notions and peculiar form of these ebullitions had woven themselves into a sort of legend. It was generally accepted that he had been sent away from school after thrashing the head-master, who had ventured to differ from him as to the quantity of a syllable in a Latin verse; that he had been expelled from the university after shooting at a Fellow of a college, who took the liberty of closing a window to exclude the noise of his wine-party; that he had been outlawed from England for felling to the ground a barrister who had had the audacity to subject him to a cross-examination. His career on the Continent bore an epic completeness. The poet Monti, having written a sonnet adulterary of Napoleon and offensive to England, Mr. Landor replied in such outspoken Latinity that he was summoned by the authorities of Como to answer to the charge of libel; he proceeded to threaten the *Regio Delegato* with a *bella bastonata*, and avoided being conducted to Milan by a voluntary retirement to Genoa, launching a Parthian epigram at Count Strasoldo, the Austrian governor, still more opprobrious than the former verse. At Florence he had been frequently on the point of expulsion, and could expect little protection from the English embassy, having challenged the secretary of legation for whistling in the street when Mrs. Landor passed, and having complained to the foreign office of "the wretches it employed abroad." Once he was positively banished and sent to Lucca—the legend ran, for walking up a court of justice, where the judges were hearing a complaint he had made against an Italian servant, with a bag of dollars in his hand, and asking how much was necessary to secure a favorable verdict—"not for his own sake, but for the protection of his countrymen in the city."

At the time, however, to which we have alluded, he was living in more than ordinary tranquillity, and, having vented his rage against all kings and constituted authorities in his writings, he submitted with common decorum to the ordinances of government and society. But the demon of discord was too strong within him, and, ere a few years had lapsed, he was once more in England, but more than ever an exile, having left behind the home of his choice, the young family of his cares, the pictures he had domesticated, the nature that had grown a familiar friend. And, by a strange relentlessness of destiny, he was at last driven forth once more, back to a home that had become homeless, to an alienated household, to a land that had for him no longer any flowers but to grow over his grave.

Mr. Forster, in his interesting volumes, has added to the tragic biographies of men of genius—of Otway and of Savage, of Byron and of Keats. He has performed a task, which his reverent friendship of many years made most difficult and delicate, with dignity and affection. Nothing is concealed that is worth revealing, nothing is lauded which is unjust, and nothing is left unreproved and unregretted which is wrong in moral conception or unbecoming in the action of life. In this conduct of his subject he has followed the dictates of the highest prudence; he has shown that if the temperament of his friend made him most troublesome to the societies in which he lived, made his acquaintance uneasy and his friendship perilous, it was he himself who was the foremost sufferer; that neither honorable birth, nor independent fortune, nor sturdy health, nor a marriage of free choice, nor a

goodly family, nor rare talents, nor fine tastes, nor appropriate culture, nor sufficient fame, could insure him a life of even moderate happiness, while the events of the day depended on the wild instincts of the moment, while the undisciplined and thoughtless will overruled all capacity of reflection and all suggestions of experience. Not but that many wilful and impatient men enjoy their domestic tyranny, and make a good figure in public life, and possibly owe much of their pleasure and success to the very annoyance they inflict. "I should have been nowhere without my temper," said an uncomfortable politician of the last generation, and those who knew him best agreed with him. But in Landor's idiosyncrasy, there were but two men conscious of each other's acts and feelings. By the side of, or rather above, the impulsive, reckless creature, there was the critical, humorous nature, as well aware of its own defect as any enemy could be, ever strong enough to show and probe the wound, but impotent to heal it, and pathetically striving to remedy, through the judgments of the intellect, the faults and the miseries of the living actor. Thus, nowhere in the range of the English language are the glory and happiness of moderation of mind more nobly preached and powerfully illustrated than in the writings of this most intemperate man; nowhere is the sacredness of the placid life more hallowed and honored than in the utterances of this tossed and troubled spirit; nowhere are heroism and self-sacrifice and forgiveness more eloquently adored than by this intense and fierce individuality, which seemed unable to forget for an instant its own claims, its own wrongs, its own fancied superiority over all its fellow-men.—*Lord Houghton's "Monographs, Social and Personal."*

#### MODERN ITALY AND ANCIENT ART.

Mr. Ruskin is said to have declared some time ago that the greatest service England could render to art would be that of buying up Venice and devoting itself simply to the preservation of the City of the Lagoons. The proposal was a little extravagant, perhaps, but it exactly expresses the feeling which deepens on one, year after year, as one passes through Italy. Great as is the ruin wrought in the past, it is an nothing to the perils which seem to be awaiting the scanty relics of art and antiquity which the past has left. The possibility of a war with France is the commonplace of every piazza. Yet the possibility of a war in Italy is, aesthetically speaking, of much the same order as the possibility of an Irish row in the British Museum, with the Elgin marbles for barricades against the police, and the Hamilton vases for missiles. The school of San Rocco has been justly pronounced one of the three most precious buildings in the world to an artist, but an artist can still see the mark where an Austrian shell, during the siege of Venice by Radetsky, tore its way through the roof. By a special piece of luck the missile rested on the floor beneath without exploding, but the existence of eighty of the grandest of Venetian pictures hung on the caprice of a fusee. At this moment the Italian Government is planning new fortifications for Rome, and next year we may be trembling with suspense over telegrams of congratulation that, although the front of St. Peter's has suffered, the bombardment has not yet injured the Vatican, as we were trembling a year or two ago over the telegrams from Strasbourg. But peace has its victories of destruction no less than war. The industrial revival of Italy is the most hopeful feature in its present condition, but docks and boulevards are terrible foes of the picturesque. Florence, with its new quarter, its widened and straightened streets, its restored churches and palaces, has almost ceased to be the Florence of Giotto or Ma-

chiavelli. The energetic Syndic, who proposed to drive a broad road through the heart of Venice, and to turn the Piazza of St. Mark into an omnibus-stand, is still zealous to carry out his plans, and the choice of the city by the Peninsular and Oriental steamships must soon bring fresh warehouses of red brick to vary the line of palaces along the Grand Canal. Every one is crying for fresh house-room at Rome, and house-room can only be found by Haussmannizing the Esquiline and the Caelian. Already the whole district from the Baths of Diocletian to Santa Maria Maggiore is a wilderness of brick and mortar; the gardens of the Palazzo Massimi are changing into streets and squares; and a grand boulevard is charging straight on the Agger of Servius Tullius, and carrying mound and wall triumphantly before it. The Esquiline, however, has been doomed ever since the railway chose it for its terminus; but Roman progress is far from being content with the Esquiline. Perhaps the loveliest and most picturesque quarter of the older city is the space between the Lateran and Santa Croce, the square of desolate ground hemmed in by the grand line of the Aurelian wall, scored across with broken lines of aqueducts, and cut off from the modern city by the Wolouski gardens and the grass-grown road which leads to the Porta Maggiore. There is no spot, perhaps, in Rome which is dearer to those who love the wild, solitary beauty that gives so strange a charm to the Eternal City; but to the *municipio* and the architect it is simply an available space, and the dreamer who returns from his musings beneath its ruins may see hanging in the Corso the plan for covering it with "a fashionable quarter," and turning it into the Belgravia of the coming Rome.—*Saturday Review.*

#### LOUIS XVI. GOING TO BED.

At eleven o'clock came the officers on duty and the courtiers. Every thing was ready; a splendid toilet-table with lace and gold brocade, the dressing-gown of white embroidered Lyons silk on a chair of red morocco, the chemise wrapped in a piece of taffety; on the railing a double cushion of the cloth of gold, called sultan, with the nightcap and handkerchiefs on it. By it were the slippers of the same material as the gown placed near pages of the chamber, standing against the railing.

The monarch arrived, the first gentleman of the chamber received his hat and sword, and handed them to an under-official. The king commenced a conversation with the courtiers, that was longer or shorter according as he found it pleasant, and was often much too long for our sleepiness and weary legs. After the conversation was finished, the king went within the railing, knelt with the chaplain-in-waiting alone, who held a long taper-stand of silver-gilt, with two tapers, while the prince could only have one. The chaplain recited the prayer *Quoniam omnipotens Deus*; and, when the prayer was finished, the taper-stand was handed to the first servant of the chamber, and he, at the king's orders, gave it to any gentleman to be distinguished. This honor was so much appreciated in France, that many aspirants could not disguise their disgust if they did not obtain it.

After the prayer, the king took off his coat, the right sleeve being held by the grandmaster of the wardrobe, the Duke de Liancourt, and the left by a master of the first rank, M. de Boisgelin or De Chauvelin, and always in descending order, if the higher officers were not present. Then the king took his shirt; it was given him by the first gentleman of the chamber. But if one of the princes of the blood was present, it was he who had the right to put on the nightshirt, which was considered a great honor. Then the first gentleman of the chamber presented

the dressing-gown to the king, while he took his purse, an immense bunch of keys, his telescope, and knife, from his pockets; then let his smallclothes fall down upon his heels, and, standing thus, would often again converse for a long time. At last he sat down in an arm-chair; a servant of the chamber on the right, one of the wardrobe on the left, knelt down, and each took one of the king's feet to pull off his stockings; then the two pages of the chamber advanced and put on his slippers. That was the time for departure; the usher gave the signal, saying, "Pasa, gentlemen." No one remained but the princes, the special service, and those who had the little *entrée*. They talked to the king while his hair was being prepared for the night. That was the time for pleasant speeches and little anecdotes; and the free, noisy laugh of Louis XVI. often struck on our ears in the *Cell de Bou*, where we awaited orders for the next day.

Before Louis XVI. was absorbed by his troubles, bedtime was his time of relaxation and fun. He played tricks on the pages, teased Captain Laroche, and made them tickle an old officer, who was so sensitive that he used to run away for fear of it.—"Recollections of a Page of the Court of Louis XVI."

#### INTELLECTUAL AND PROFESSIONAL LIFE.

The purpose of a profession, of a profession pure and simple, is to turn knowledge and talent to pecuniary profit. On the other hand, the purpose of cultivated men, or men of genius, who work in an unprofessional spirit, is to increase knowledge, or make it more accurate, or else simply to give free exercise to high faculties which demand it. The distinction is so clear and trenchant that most intellectual men, whose private fortunes are not large, prefer to have a profession distinct from their higher intellectual work, in order to secure the perfect independence of the latter. Mr. Smiles, in his valuable book on "Character," gives a list of eminent intellectual men who have pursued real professional avocations of various kinds separately from their literary or scientific activity, and he mentions an observation of Gifford's which is much to my present purpose: "Gifford, the editor of the *Quarterly*, who knew the drudgery of writing for a living, once observed that 'a single hour of composition, won from the business of the day, is worth more than the whole day's toil of him who works at the trade of literature: in the one case, the spirit comes joyfully to refresh itself, like a hart to the water-brooks; in the other, it pursues its miserable way, panting and jaded, with the dogs of hunger and necessity behind.'" So Coleridge said that "three hours of leisure, unalloyed by any alien anxiety, and looked forward to with delight as a change and recreation, will suffice to realize in literature a larger product of what is truly genial than weeks of compulsion." Coleridge's idea of a profession was, that it should be "some regular employment which could be carried on so far mechanically that an average quantum only of health, spirits, and intellectual exertion, is requisite to its faithful discharge." Without in the least desiring to undervalue good professional work of any kind, I may observe that, to be truly professional, it ought to be always at command, and therefore that the average power of the man's intellect, not his rare flashes of highest intellectual illumination, ought to suffice for it. Professional work ought always to be plain business-work, requiring knowledge and skill, but not any effort of genius. For example, in medicine, it is professional work to prescribe a dose or amputate a limb, but not to discover the nervous system or the circulation of the blood.—*Hamerton's "Intellectual Life."*

## EDITOR'S TABLE.

**G**REAT anxiety is often expressed as to the future of what we call the "dangerous classes." But do we apply this term in all cases to those to whom it belongs? Who, in truth, are the "dangerous classes?" The low, disorderly people found in every community are usually kept within due restraint by efficient police regulation. They are dangerous only when administration is weak. Thoroughness on the part of the police, and stern retribution in the courts, are powerful instruments for the protection of society from the vulgar crimes of the mob.

But there is a class whose passions or motives are too powerful for ordinary restriction—a class who are educated, who perform the ordinary duties of life, who are usually without those degrading vices that make the lower ranks so dangerous in our imagination, who have social culture, and yet who without intermediate training step at once to the ultimate of crime. The great dangers that threaten the well-being of society arise far more from the tendencies of this class than from the ruffianism of the low. One is an external growth, an excrescence, a thing attached to society, and may by vigorous measures be removed; the other is the poison at the core, which may well alarm us, and which will tax our best skill to cure.

The crimes and offences of professional criminals are matters rather to expect; a few rogueries more or less are not important to the interests of society: we may imprison the thieves, and give the master no further heed, certain that a good police rule will keep this class under control. But when the crime or the dishonesty crops out in our own midst—when it is this cultured gentleman who has proved a defaulter, that refined flower of society who has shot a disputant, this eloquent divine who is covered with suspicion, that eminent statesman who has exhibited the itching palm—when these things occur, we cannot dismiss them to the police-court, and so have done with them; these are facts vital to our social welfare, and they represent conditions that, if not counteracted or amended, will surely destroy us. It is right here, in our midst, among ourselves, that the danger of crime exists. The outcasts can scarcely affect us, can do us no permanent injury, are amenable to forces competent to suppress them; but the iniquities that are enacted among ourselves must give us pause and thought. Here are the "dangerous classes" that most concern us.

Robbery committed in a dance-house no one heeds; it is a sort of crime expected in such places; it only proves that the police did not chance to be at hand. But a banker's defalcation is full of significance and full of threatening consequences; it is not only a crime entailing great loss and exciting gen-

eral distrust, but it is an example that insidiously leads other men to similar ruin. An outbreak of a mob, we know can be put down; but an outbreak of dishonesty among trusted men spreads its evil influence far and near, saps the virtue of sorely-tempted hearts, and undermines the very structure of society.

A murder in a brothel is a crime which may temporarily excite men's horror, but never their surprise. If it has any influence whatever, it is a favorable one—it is a warning of the consequences that come of dissolute living. But a murder committed by a man high in place is full of danger to hosts of undisciplined and reckless spirits. It fosters in many minds an unreasoning admiration for the pluck and resolution exhibited in the criminal act; it encourages a readiness to resent offences by violence; it familiarizes the mind of the young, especially, with bloodshed; it introduces into our very social circles the spirit of war; it makes thousands of impulsive and imaginative boys half-murderers at heart. Murders among ruffians produce no such effects as these. But the pistol fired by Stokes, and the shots discharged by young Walworth—the products of imaginations inflamed by the prevalence of similar incidents—send a nervous thrill through the ranks of the young, and exert their wide-spread and direful influence.

Our "dangerous classes," we repeat, are among ourselves. We need not fear the violence of the ruffians. Brute forces of this kind can be met and conquered by other forces. We must look well to the insidious influence of evil in social circles, and, if we would suppress crime in the slums, we must first extinguish it in the parlors. We are not now referring to fashionable vices; much as they are to be deplored, they are no new thing in social economy. The dangers with which society just now is specially threatened are of the very kind that we dread so much in the vicious multitude.

— The English have always been very shy of imitating, or at least of admitting that they imitated, any thing American; it would be an acknowledgment of superiority which would give a severe shock to English pride. In the famous query, "Who reads an American book?" and, in the unwillingness of English writers to admit the authorship of valuable inventions, there peeps out a feeling that America, even now, cannot be expected to produce work of the same degree of excellence as the mother-country. In a review of the progress of scientific discovery, in the current *Westminster*, in a long list of distinguished names, but one American, Dr. Franklin, is mentioned; and, although the writer has much to say of the tremendous results which have followed the application of steam to navigation, the invention of the telegraph, and the discovery of ether, we do not hear a

word either of Fulton, Morse, or the three or four American claimants to the idea of annihilating pain by anesthetics. Yet it is not a little curious to note the inevitable, though to a degree, probably, unconscious English imitations of American examples; and how this copying from us becomes more frequent and palpable from year to year. We will not refer to the adoption of American slang phrases, which are so often heard nowadays in London streets, nor of the negro melodies which resound in Pimlico and Kentish Town so soon after their first performance in New York. In graver matters the English practically—though they would be the last to confess it—find American customs an improvement on their own. Three instances may be mentioned. No sooner had the *New-York Herald* given its striking exhibition of enterprise by sending Stanley in search of Livingstone, than the London *Daily Telegraph*, which evidently aims to be a London *Herald*, commissioned Mr. George Smith, of the British Museum, to proceed to Assyria on an errand of tablet explorations; and is even now in constant receipt of telegrams and letters from that enthusiastic gentleman, giving glowing accounts of his mission, without omitting the perils to which he is exposed. The comparatively recent custom of our clergy to descend on the Sunday on any important secular event of the week, such as the death of an emperor or even a congressman, or a railway disaster, has been widely followed by English divines: we read that, after the destruction of the Atlantic, nearly every clergyman in Liverpool—and many in London—"sermonized" on the sad occurrence. And now the London papers are urging the English railway companies to adopt the "American system" of cars. It is not perhaps harsh to say that, had not the long cars, open at either end, and containing sixty or eighty passengers, been the "American system," they would long since have superseded the isolated coaches on rails in which the English travel to this hour. The evils of the English carriages have been remarked and descended upon for years. The dangers to which the passengers have been forced to submit have again and again been illustrated by crime and accident. Locked into a compartment, the tourist is unable to escape if attacked by a lunatic or a robber, or if the train catches fire or collides with another. A cumbersome and ineffectual remedy was applied by running a string along *outside* the carriages, communicating with the conductor's compartment; but, in case of a sudden attack, this string is, of course, perfectly useless; and equally so if there is a collision. This is beginning to be perceived; and at last, driven to a sort of desperation on the subject, the papers have begun to clamor boldly for the open American car, with its facility of egress, and the safety which exists in the presence of a multitude. The American car has been used for some years on the

railway between Berne and Lausanne, in Switzerland, and on one or two German lines; and its general adoption in Europe is doubtless only a question of time.

— A writer in the *Home Journal* asks two pertinent questions—"Why is woman so weak?" and "Why so easily overborne in the struggle for bread?"—and answers them by saying, "Mainly because she is held to no persistent career of training in the field of useful labor." Now, this writer purports to be a woman; and, if women themselves persist in blindly disregarding the conditions of their sex when discussing this question of labor, how can we expect the other sex ever to understand and act upon them?

We will venture to answer the questions propounded by the *Home-Journal* writer somewhat differently.

Woman is weak because her sex is persistently overworked—because her physiological conditions imperatively require periods of rest, and these conditions are disregarded, sometimes through necessity, but often from ignorance or through recklessness.

It is very common to hear old people boast of the amount of labor—generally of a household character—that our grandmothers and great-grandmothers used to perform. No doubt, the boast is truthful, but the effect has largely been to incapacitate their descendants for severe labor. In our early colonial period the tasks imposed upon both sexes were heavy, and hired assistance almost impossible. The woman who reared a family of children, spun and wove the very fabrics they wore, cooked for them, washed for them, did all the household drudgery, subjected her *physique* to strains which, however well she herself may have appeared to have successfully coped with, inflicted upon her offspring evils which the generations of to-day suffer under. A woman during the period of gestation cannot perform severe physical labor without her unborn offspring suffering the consequences. Our overworked grandmothers are largely responsible for the present physical condition of our people.

What women have a right to demand is an exemption from labor. They should have occupation. They should have employments to keep busy their hands and their minds. But sustained or persistent labor—labor that comes as a strain at those times the nature of which all women understand, and labor that comes when the whole resources of the system are needed to support the second life borne within the bosom—is woefully disastrous, not only to the immediate sufferers, but to many succeeding generations.

Give women exercise. In childhood, let them have the physical activity that boys have. When womanhood begins, let the necessities of the sex subordinate every other consideration. There are regular periods, after this event, when rest for the body is an

imperative requirement. Hence all forms of labor that are uniformly exacting, all forms that disregard the special requirements of the laborers in matters pertaining to sex, are a fatal social blunder. Women clerks, for instance, who have to stand all day at the counter, will be sure, if they marry, to give to the world a still more enfeebled race of beings.

Not labor, we repeat, but exemption from labor, is what women have a right to demand. They have one supreme mission in this world—that is, to be mothers—and to this great end all other considerations are secondary. Bread-winning, of course, is with many women an imperative and immediate necessity. Hence effort should be made to secure for them all lighter and less exacting employments. Many must labor even when disease and hastened death will be the inevitable results; but all should understand and all of us be forced to concede their one supreme claim—the right of rest—labor being a necessary, perhaps, but none the less calamitous violation of a fundamental natural right of sex. Let women demand the privilege of motherhood, and the right of support from man; and men who won't marry ought to be taxed for their benefit—which is revolutionary, perhaps, but good doctrine nevertheless.

#### MINOR MENTION.

— After July 1st, newspaper exchanges, by the new postal law, cannot go free. There will probably be a very general and extensive curtailment of free lists in the newspaper offices. As in a great many cases the JOURNAL is due to our exchanges to the close of the year, and in other cases its continuance may be desired, we shall continue to send to each of our contemporaries now on our list, unless we receive notification not to do so.

— Recent figures shed a startling light on some of the causes which doubtless led to the French defeat in the late war. It appears that the standard of height and physical condition of the French is so low that, in order to obtain ten thousand sound-bodied soldiers, fourteen thousand conscripts in the rural districts, and over twenty-four thousand in manufacturing neighborhoods, have to be drawn. That is, less than one-half of the full-grown males, in the latter localities, are capable of bearing arms. It reveals a state of disease, physical infirmity, and degeneration, for which no one could have been prepared. An English paper attributes this melancholy state of things to the severity of the toil of the French lower classes. The peasant is, in general, miserly of his time as of his money; having his own little plot, he works at it almost literally day and night, sparing only enough time on Sundays, perhaps, to attend a daybreak mass and an occasional vespers; and not only works thus infatigably himself, but compels his sons—nay, his wife and daughters, too, for they are practically his slaves—to keep pace with him.

The Breton peasant utilizes his children on the farm when they are not more than two or three years of age, and little toddling fellows, unable to walk without a stagger, may be seen driving cows to pasture, and picking grapes at vintage-time, in the Breton fields. Another cause of degeneracy, no doubt, lies in irregularity of life and unhealthiness of food. A much larger proportion of French peasants than is commonly supposed are "heavy drinkers;" and what they drink is the worst sort of cheap, fiery white wine, *du pays*. Absinthe is by no means unknown to them, and they eat the most indigestible of hard, sour bread, and buckwheat *galettes*. Their life, in short, is in too many cases divided between debauchery and exhausting toil; and the consequences are seen in the feeble bodies, the premature wrinkles and bent figures, which are but too familiar to the tourist in the French interior.

— Foreigners in France are always struck with the popular love for flowers, and the skill and good taste with which the Parisians, in particular, avail themselves of the most unlikely places for their cultivation. Even in the Latin quarter, and in the most dismal suburbs, every poor little window contains its flower-pots and vines, and here and there a favoring lead is converted into a veritable parterre. With us it has become fashionable in recent years to adorn the window-place with elegant specimens of flower-stands and flower-baskets, but Fashion has not yet attempted fairly to see what it can do with the "back-yards" of its premises. And yet very much can be made of the "pent-up Utica" of these little enclosures by an intelligent use of space and careful distribution of plants. When once fairly under way, these miniature gardens involve little expenditure of either time or money; and there is no form of employment, probably, from which our fashionable city women, who are dying of ennui, could obtain so much and such long-continued pleasure from such small cost.

— And, in addition to the pleasure that may be derived from floriculture, the sanitary value of flowers and plants is a feature of the subject so important as to call for special mention. It was known many years ago that ozone is one of the forms in which oxygen exists in the air, and that it possesses extraordinary powers as an oxidant, disinfectant, and deodorizer. Now, one of the most important of late discoveries in chemistry is that made by Professor Mantegazza, of Pavia, to the effect that ozone is generated in immense quantities by all plants and flowers possessing green leaves and aromatic odors. Hyacinths, mignonette, heliotrope, lemon, mint, lavender, narcissus, cherry, laurel, and the like, all throw off ozone largely on exposure to the sun's rays; and so powerful is this great atmospheric purifier that it is the belief of chemists that whole districts can be redeemed from the deadly malaria which now infests them, by simply covering them with aromatic vegetation. The bearing of this upon flower-culture in our large cities is also very important. Experiments have proved that the air of cities contains less ozone than that of the surrounding country, and the thickly-inhabited parts of cities less than the

more sparsely-built, or than the parks and open squares. Plants and flowers and green trees can alone restore the balance; so that every little flower-plot is not merely a thing of beauty while it lasts, but has a direct and beneficial influence upon the health of the neighborhood in which it is found. Surely it is a beautiful provision of Nature that something which is at once the most dainty of occupations and most delightful of amusements should be intimately bound up with the solution of problems so important as the health of our cities, and the redemption of fever-infested districts in the country.

— The Park Commissioners should look after the young trees set out in the Battery. Those planted in the newly-made portion of the grounds are many of them dead, and none exhibit healthy vigor. The soil here is probably poor and thin, and hence the mere resetting of trees would not do any good, unless they were well supplied with rich and suitable mould. The Battery grounds are very beautiful, and the outlook from the sea-walk one that cannot be matched by any city in the world. The enlivening picture, the health-giving air from the bay, the elegance and taste in the walks, are restoring these grounds to their old favor with the public. But in the newer portion shade is very much needed, and hence the feeble growth of trees should be replaced by others without delay. The large elms in the older portion are in prime condition. There are no larger trees than these in the city, and none that exhibit more vigorous health. By-the-way, as we have a belvedere at the Central Park, why should we not have one at the Battery? The view from it would be extensive and full of animation; no more stirring scene, indeed, could be spread out before the vision. It is the very place for a belvedere! Will the commissioners think about it?

— The "gumption" commonly exhibited in planting trees in New York is something to wonder at. So long as the hole is set in an upright position, and in the location selected, the work is assumed to be done. That a tree requires deep soil and rich soil, that it needs air and space, are considerations that never apparently enter into the brains of those who undertake the task. There is obviously insufficient soil in nearly all our town-parks. While the trees in Stuyvesant Square have, during the last decade, gained notably in height, and expanded broadly in limb, those in Union Square have been nearly at a stand-still. The trees in Madison Square are in the same predicament. At their rate of growth, the city will have reached its meridian of greatness, and be numbered among the ruins of the past, ere they attain the umbrageous majesty which old trees ought to give us. The trees in the City-Hall Park seem no larger now than they did a quarter of a century ago. There ought to be a general contribution of good, fat soil to all these pleasure-grounds.

— Some of our newspapers are making a great ado about the filthy condition of our streets, and parading illustrations to show the fever-breeding places which abound in the city. The town might be cleaner, and everybody knows that in the tenement-house

sections there are always an abundance of unwholesome odors and a most plentiful lack of cleanliness. Nevertheless, the accounts so eloquently elaborated by the reporters greatly overstate the evil. In one of the issues of a daily paper, in which there were columns of alarming statements of this character, there were printed in immediate proximity the death-returns for the week. These showed us there was no cholera in the city, and of typhus and typhoid, the fevers specially caused by decomposed matter and poisoned effluvia, there were united but nine cases. Nine deaths a week from this disease in a population of a million, where from five to ten thousand immigrants land each week, often bringing with them fevers contracted on shipboard, is very far indeed from being an alarming exhibit. Our country friends need not keep away from us; indeed, they had always better consult the death statistics, rather than the sensationalism of the newspapers, when they have occasion to ascertain the health of the city.

— Somebody has been writing to one of the New-England journals that there are five thousand women employed in New York as clerks, who seldom receive more than half the salary of men, "though they render quite as efficient and satisfactory service." If young women, equal in efficiency to men, can be obtained for half the salary, then, just to the extent of the supply, they will be sure to supplant the masculine labor. Merchants have no disposition to give their money away; like all consumers, they are in the market to purchase at the lowest price, and hence, if labor of equal quality is procurable at lower prices than they now pay, it is entirely certain they will avail themselves of the opportunity. Why cannot people see that these things obey inflexible laws? It is just because female clerks are *not* so efficient as male clerks that they are compelled to compete for employment at under-price.

## Correspondence.

*To the Editor of Appleton's Journal.*

SIR: In the JOURNAL of this date (May 31st) it is stated that a "London physician has proposed a hot sand-bath as an infallible cure for rheumatism," etc.

You will, perhaps, permit me to mention that this method of curing the painful malady referred to has been for some time practised at Cannes, in Provence, south of France, and with considerable success.

This town is widely known, and much resorted to as a winter station for invalids and persons of delicate lungs, for which its fine climate and beautiful position give it many advantages; but it is also frequented, though to a less extent, in summer on account of its convenience as a place for sea-bathing, and by those who suffer from rheumatic and neuralgic complaints. The beach is a beautiful, fine sand, and is, of course, during the months of June, July, and August, well heated by the sun. A hole is dug in the sand just out of reach of the water, and the patient places himself in the cavity, and is then covered up to his neck with the sand, where he remains some ten minutes or so; then, after a good rubbing down, he returns to his hotel and goes to bed for an hour or two, after which he is

recommended to walk about a little, if he is able to do so. This process is continued during ten or twelve days, and is almost always attended with great benefit.

I met at Cannes, some eight years ago, a gentleman who had come from Paris to try this remedy. When he arrived he could not walk across the yard of the hotel without the aid of his servant; but, after about three weeks, during which time he had taken some ten or twelve of these sand-baths, he was able to walk a mile without suffering. He said the feeling of the warm sand was not disagreeable, though the idea seemed repulsive; a sort of burying of one alive, and I must say that the appearance of the patient, as he lies there, with nothing but his head and arms protruding, and holding a big white umbrella to shade his head from the burning sun, is ludicrous to a degree.

I might add a word in commendation of Cannes, on account of its excellent accommodations, its charming environs, and its historic associations, but refrain for fear of intruding too much upon your space. Let me state, however, that in summer the terms at the hotels and boarding-houses are much lower than in winter, and that the heat of the sun is, to a great degree, tempered by the sea-breeze, which springs up every afternoon, so that the evenings are comparatively cool and enjoyable.

C. H. GATES.

## Literary Notes.

A PPLETONS' ANNUAL CYCLOPÆDIA for 1873 gives us the record of a year filled with events, and for Americans especially memorable. Not only was it "the presidential year," and marked by a political contest of a kind unique in our history, but it witnessed the settlement of our greatest foreign dispute, by means of peaceful arbitration, and left us without the shadow of a dissension resting upon our relations with other countries. In Europe it saw comparatively few very important changes, but it looked upon the rapid recuperation of exhausted France, the prosperity of united Italy, and the perhaps lasting restoration of the republic in Spain. It was a year, too, which, considering the world as a whole, was singularly free from great calamities; no wide-spread wars prevailed, famine and pestilence were kept aloof from at least the countries familiar to us; and there were no great instances of really national suffering, like that which, in the case of France, had distinguished 1871. In our own country we had the great conflagration at Boston, but it was one attended by singularly little actual human distress, and could in no way remind us of its terrible forerunner at Chicago. Every year carries away its quota of great men; and that of 1872 was not small. In diplomacy American statesmanship lost William Henry Seward; an important political party lost its leader in Horace Greeley; and there are other names famous in the history of our politics which the year gathered into the list of its dead. Of those with other than political fame, the number is very great. Samuel F. B. Morse, General Meade, James Gordon Bennett—we glance at random through the table of contents of the annual, and so group men the farthest from any association with one another—these and very many more are among those whose names were oftener on the lips of Americans. Outside our own country, Mazzini, Sir Henry Bulwer, the Earl of Mayo, the King of Sweden and Norway, and a host of European leaders,

to whom merit or position had given prominence, are to be added to the list of men universally known, to whom the year brought the end of active lives. The losses of literature are very numerous. Merle d'Aubigné, Charles Lever, Théophile Gautier, Friedrich Gerstäcker, Norman Macleod, Buchanan Read, and very many others purposely named thus at random, are among them. Of all these the *ANNUAL CYCLOPEDIA* gives biographies, which are at the same time full, concise, and clear. Of the events of the year, its accounts are minute, well arranged, and accurate. Its statistics are the latest and the fullest obtainable; and the whole volume is, like its predecessors, decidedly an invaluable book for every one who would grasp the meaning of events as they pass, and fix facts in his mind by the best method of study.

We are conscious of being among a most unpopular class of heretics, in not liking Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney's books; but we do not like them—and yet we find some difficulty in making, what to us are the clear grounds of our dislike, fairly understood. We do not believe, in the first place, that Mrs. Whitney's characters are true to any models to be found among the living girls for whom her stories purport to be written, or among the young men whose existence she recognizes as a necessary element of the human world. Life, physical even, but especially mental, is not the jerky business—yes, we must say jerky, no other word expresses our impression—that Mrs. Whitney represents it. Like every thing else that is worth studying, human character develops silently, gradually, urged on or held back by circumstances, learning great lessons suddenly, perhaps, but not accepting them instantly or without preparation, forming itself through fiery trials or only through commonplace experience, it may be; but by no means going through its education for existence in the way Mrs. Whitney would have us believe. If Mrs. Whitney were really a great writer, she could show us the development of a young girl's life—even the life of one of those amazing young girls we have never had the pleasure of meeting outside her stories—as George Eliot might show it, supposing her to undertake such a task—and, at the end, we should feel that we had learned and felt it; that we had gained by the showing; that one more type of humanity was worthily studied, and had helped us. Or, if Mrs. Whitney had the pen of Edward Everett Hale, she might throw off for us a series of quick, epigrammatic notes, and we should know the whole story, even though it were somewhat disfigured by mannerisms. But she is neither George Eliot, the greatest of her sex; nor Mr. Hale, at another extreme of literature, with his sketchy talent and his healthy ideas; and so in her, what should have been minute and vivid picturing, becomes a vague desire to write epigrams, and be forcible; and, what should have been the work that shows us every thing in sharp, vigorous touches, becomes what we have called it—not sketchy, but jerky. Of "The Other Girls" in particular, we shall have something to say next week; for the present, our reading of it, and our recollections of "Faith Gartney's Girlhood," and "The Gaywyrthy," have prompted us to these generalities.

The London *Athenaeum* is pleased to speak of Julian Hawthorne's "Bressant," recently completed in these pages, and which has just been published in England, as follows: "Mr. Hawthorne's book forms a remarkable contrast, in point of power and interest, to the dreary mass of so-called romances through

which the reviewer works his way. This may be partly attributed to the fact that the scene is laid in a country the interest of which is always fresh to an Englishman, but of which the least attractive characteristics are most usually presented to him. When an accomplished native imparts to us, with the vivid and vigorous hand which characterizes the best American writing, not the repellent features of the outside of transatlantic society, not the discordant rowdyism of American politics, nor the crudities and shortcomings, which, though in great part the mere exuberances of national youth, are apt to be solely regarded in our estimate of the national character, but studies of individual humanity, which add to what universal interest they possess a charm of their own, derived from the local setting in which they find freedom of development, he will be pretty certain of meeting in this country a grateful and appreciative reception. Such a book gives us local information of more real importance than can be obtained by the traveler, and exhibits, in a field which, from its unconventional and unexhausted soil, is peculiarly adapted to such products, striking psychological and moral combinations, which are of wider interest than the dull photographs of mediocre humanity with which the novelists of our own country are too apt to be content. It is not our purpose to damage Mr. Hawthorne by excessive praise. He has not yet fully risen to the requirements of the name he bears; but he has told us, in classical American, an interesting story, which will contribute to the formation of a more respectful estimate in England of his country's literature, and, in his own case, justify pleasant anticipations of still better writing for the future."

The London *Athenaeum* says: "In preparing his 'Principles of Sociology,' Mr. Herbert Spencer, some five years ago, commenced, by proxy, the collection and organization of facts presented by societies of different types, past and present. Having brought the mode of classification into a satisfactory form, and having had some of the tables filled up, Mr. Spencer has decided to complete the undertaking with a view to publication. The work will consist of three large divisions, and each division will comprise a set of tables exhibiting the facts abstracted and classified, and a mass of quotations and abridged extracts, on which the statements contained in the tables are based. The condensed statements, arranged after a uniform manner, will give at one view, in each table or succession of tables, the phenomena that each society presents, and constitute an account of its morphology, its physiology, and (if a society having a known history) its development. On the other hand, the collected extracts will be classified primarily according to the kinds of phenomena to which they refer, and secondarily according to the societies exhibiting these phenomena. The three divisions, each thus constituted, comprehend three groups of societies: 1. Uncivilized societies. 2. Civilized societies—extinct or decayed. 3. Civilized societies—recent or still flourishing. Eventually, the tables belonging to each division will form a volume by themselves; while the extracts belonging to that division, classified after the manner above described, will be printed in accompanying octavo volumes, for more convenient reference."

Jules Verne has struck a new vein in fiction, and his stories have the peculiarity of being at once humorous, full of sprightly incident, and of having a suspicion of scientific flavor about them. In his "Twenty Thousand

Leagues under the Sea," a lively fancy, mingled with the true French vivacity of humor, has ample scope, and its success shows that his idea is a happy one. "The Tour of the World in Eighty days," another of his curious conœts, which somewhat reminds one of Edmund About's "Man with the Broken Ear," has become very popular in France; and Osgood & Co. promise a translation of it, by Mr. George M. Towle, in time for "summer readers." The story is of a phlegmatic English gentleman, a member of the Reform Club, who lays a wager of twenty thousand pounds that he will go around the globe in eighty days, and follows him on his difficult tour, complicated by numerous adventures and incidents in India, China, Japan, and our own far West. The tourist is, of course, accompanied by a Sancho Panza in the person of a witty French valet, and his progress is perpetually interrupted by a detective, who follows him with the idea that he is a robber of the Bank of England. The curiosity to know whether he really wins his wager is heightened as the hero proceeds, and his devices to overcome the obstacles in his way are worthy of the invention of a De Foe.

"Forster's 'Life of Dickens,'" says a London journal, "has its first volume now in its fifteenth thousand, and in a few days will have its second in its thirteenth. The only wonder is how the two are not yet upon a level, that is, how the two thousand purchasers of the first volume are content to leave the second alone, and the edition, therefore, marred upon their book-shelves. Altogether it is the most rapid success ever achieved within a similar interval by any biography." As regards the greater sale of the first volume, we believe this phenomenon occurs with all books the volumes of which are issued separately. The second volume is certain never in circulation to overtake the first; and, if there be a third, a similar discrepancy will exist between its sale and that of the second.

"The Mineral Springs of the United States" is a thoroughly serviceable treatise on our mineral waters, their uses and abuses, by Dr. J. J. Moorman, who has spent many years in the investigation of his subject, and is perhaps one of the most competent authorities in the country to give such opinions as he has here put together with rare candor and clearness. The book is really exhaustive, and for an invalid must be an invaluable manual. Many of the old and valueless notions concerning the employment of the waters, meet in this volume the fate they deserve; and there are new suggestions in plenty, which the experience of the author should most highly commend. (J. B. Lippincott & Co., publishers.)

We heartily like many things in Mrs. Edwards's "Vagabond Heroine"—a book which only an accidental omission prevented us from noticing here some time ago. It is one of those stories most pleasant to read at times when we gladly lay aside the heavier novel, and long to be interested, entertained, amused—to follow the fortunes of a hero or heroine with whom we can feel a genuine human sympathy, well founded or otherwise. Mrs. Edwards's healthy young Bohemian Belinda is one of those beings for whom everybody has a tender spot at heart, more or less concealed; and the gravest may exult with her over her free-and-easy girlhood, and yet be only the better for it.

"Under Lock and Key" is a novel by T. W. Speight, dealing with the history of a great diamond, and in this one particular so far resembling Mr. Wilkie Collins's "Moonstone,"

that Mr. Speight finds it necessary to declare in a prefatory note that he had not read the latter work when he wrote his own story. "Under Lock and Key," in spite of some absurdities, has real merits in the working out of its plot; and its conclusion seems to us decidedly well conceived. (Lippincott & Co.)

## Scientific Notes.

THE second annual report of the Board of Commissioners of the Department of Public Parks, New York, in addition to the valuable meteorological observations, as reported by Professor Draper, presents, under the head of "Disasters to Trees," facts and conclusions of peculiar interest to nursery-men and amateur gardeners. From this source we learn that the total number of shrubs and trees found to have been killed during the winter of 1871-'72 in this department was seven thousand eight hundred and fifty-three. This loss included many belonging to those species which have hitherto been considered perfectly hardy, while some few, which have been regarded as tender, and which, when young, are usually protected during the winter, have, even when left wholly exposed, escaped uninjured. A much larger proportion of evergreen coniferous trees have been seriously injured than of deciduous trees. Hemlock, spruce, the American arbor-vita, and red bud, which grow wild in Canada, have suffered greatly, together with others introduced from the northern forests of Alaska, Siberia, and Norway. On the other hand, numerous species, originating in California, Japan, Western Asia, Southern Europe, and other warmer regions, seem to have seldom suffered materially. These facts at once make it apparent that the problem which is thus presented is by no means a simple one. That the explanation, as given by Mr. Olmsted, may be the better understood, we give the following data as obtained by a study of the facts as presented: 1. "Trees, the roots of which lie mostly near the surface, appear to have suffered more than those considered to be their natural associates, the roots of which run deeper." 2. "Trees, when standing where the soil was likely to be particularly dry on the surface, and the frost must have penetrated to a greater depth, appear to have suffered more than others of the same species when standing where, for any reason, the surface was likely to have been moister." On referring to the meteorological reports, we find that the mean temperature of the air during the months of January, February, and March, was 29.71°, while the average for the same months of the last thirty-three years was 32.96°. During these months springs had been unusually low, while there was but a thin covering of snow, thus permitting the frost to penetrate to an unusual depth. On these facts the theory is advanced that certain northern trees have suffered more for the reason that they gain their nutrient near the surface, and require less heat to excite them to activity, and also that possibly the first flow of sap in them is of a more watery and less saccharine, saline, or gummy consistency, therefore subject to freezing at a higher temperature. If these conclusions are well founded, it may be easily understood now that a tree may be attacked by the cold at its roots, owing to their nearness to the surface, while one which is, in fact, more tender and sensitive, may escape, owing to the fact that the roots have been naturally protected by a thicker layer of earth. Though the authority from which we have quoted does not suggest any plan for the pre-

vention of a similar disaster, that which naturally occurs is, that in order to secure trees and shrubs against the severity of such a winter, the roots should be protected by layers of straw, earth, or manure, and that this precaution should be taken even when the trees belong to the class known as hardy.

The May number of the *Journal of the Franklin Institute* contains a paper on "Sympathetic Vibrations," by Professor Lovering of Cambridge, Massachusetts, from which we condense the following, after a brief notice of the more familiar examples of sound-vibrations, as illustrated by the tuning-fork, violin-strings, and organ-pipes. The writer illustrates and explains other forms of vibrations, such as are exhibited in ordinary machinery, architectural structures, bridges, etc. "All structures," he states, "large or small, have a definite rate of vibration, depending on their materials, size, and shape, and as fixed as the fundamental note of a musical cord. They may also vibrate in parts, as the cord does, and thus be capable of various increasing rates of vibration, which constitute their harmonics." As an instance illustrating the truth of this, it is stated that at one time considerable annoyance was experienced in one of the mills in Lowell, Massachusetts, because the walls of the building and floors were violently shaken by the machinery, so much so that on certain days a pail of water would be nearly emptied of its contents, while on other days all was quiet. Upon investigation, it appeared that the building shook in response to the motion of the machinery only when that machinery moved at a peculiar rate, coinciding with one of the harmonics of the building. To the irresistible power of this vibratory force, Professor Lovering credits the disastrous accident which happened to the Pemberton Mills in Lawrence, Massachusetts. That suspension and other bridges are extremely sensible to certain forms of vibrations, is a recognized fact, which is here-illustrated by a reference to the Broughton bridge, near Manchester, England, which gave way beneath the measured tread of only sixty men, who were marching over it. It is a rule, now generally observed by commanding officers, that when their battalions are crossing a bridge the music must stop, and the command break step and open column, lest the measured cadence of a condensed mass of men should urge the bridge to vibrate beyond its sphere of cohesion. Another instance given by the writer, which, though somewhat extravagant, illustrates the same law, is that of the bridge at Colebrook Dale. While this, the first iron bridge in the world, was being built, it is said that an itinerant fiddler, passing that way remarked to the workmen that he could fiddle their bridge down. The builders, having more faith in their bridge than in his fiddle, bade the musician make his boast good. One note after another was struck upon the strings until one was found with which the bridge was in sympathy, and as a result the whole structure began to tremble so violently that the alarmed workmen ordered the fiddler out of sight and hearing. So runs the story, and, if it savors of Munchausen, it seems hardly less credible than that given by Tyndall, to the effect that the Swiss muleteers are accustomed, when passing along the mountain-roads, to tie up the bells of their mules, lest the tinkle should start from its lodging-place an avalanche.

Chladni—whose investigations in this department of research have placed him in the front rank—mentions the case of an innkeeper who was accustomed, for the entertainment of his guests and his own profit, to break a drinking-

glass simply by his voice. A familiar example of this responsive vibration, though not mentioned by this writer, may be readily tried by the reader, who, if he will place his lips near to the sounding-board of a piano or violin, and then, by whistling, sound any note, he will, by listening attentively, discover that the wire which was attached to that note will instantly and clearly respond.

We have not the least hesitation in venturing the prediction that, within ten years, if not less, there will be established, in this and other cities, corporate companies, whose object shall be the construction, distribution, and "running" of electric clocks, in which case each dwelling-house or office will be supplied with dials, the hands upon which shall all be moved by an electric current, "introduced by contract," as are now the water- and gas-pipes. Indeed, when the subject is soberly considered, the wonder is that there should have been already so great delay. In place of the unstable, uncertain, and forever-running-down spring-clocks, we shall have set into the wall of each room, at such a point as convenience and taste may suggest, the dial, with its hands and glass face. Leading to these, and conducted through insulated wires concealed beneath the plaster, comes the motive power, generated at the company's office, where is also a standard dial. With each stroke of this pendulum a thousand minute and second hands respond. From the great clock in the steeple to the humble black-and-white dial in the sixth-story tenement, the same time is told, and at the same instant, and that by the action of a noiseless yet constant and never-erring force.

Workmen engaged in the silvering of mirrors, or in other occupations which necessitate the use of metallic mercury, have long felt the need of some method by which the vapors of mercury, with which the air of the shop is filled, might be neutralized or rendered inert. With a view of effecting this important result, M. Meyer, a mirror-manufacturer of Chauny, France, has adopted the plan of sprinkling the floors of the shop each evening with ammonia-water. The value of this simple practice may be judged from the fact that, since 1858, the year in which it was begun, no workman has been attacked by the poison, while those already suffering from the effects of mercurial poisoning have been greatly relieved.

We have already given to our readers various methods by which it is proposed to utilize the blast-furnace slag. It is an interesting fact that, what was not long since regarded as a troublesome and useless by-product, has come to be regarded as one of positive value. Among the latest of these new methods is that by which the slag is made to serve as a valuable constituent of an artificial pumice-stone. The slag is first granulated by allowing it to fall from a height into a stream or tank of water; the granules thus formed are mixed with ordinary slackened lime or hydraulic cement. This mass, while soft, is pressed into brick-shaped moulds, the bricks, after two weeks of exposure, becoming hard and durable.

An association has been formed at Cambridge, England, under the title of the English Dialect Society. The objects of the society are to bring together all those who are interested in these subjects, to combine the labors of collectors by producing a common centre and means of record, and to publish manuscript collections of words, and supply information to collectors.

Dr. W. Reiss, of Heidelberg, Prussia, who, during November last, made the first successful ascent of the crater of Cotopaxi, at that time determined its height by barometric measurement, and found it to be nineteen thousand six hundred and sixty feet. Separate trigonometrical calculations gave nineteen thousand four hundred and ninety-six feet for the height of the northern, and nineteen thousand four hundred and twenty-seven feet for that of the southern summits, respectively.

A committee for the erection of a monument to Liebig has been constituted at Munich, of which Councillor Von Neithsamer is the chairman. The King of Bavaria has subscribed one thousand florins to the fund.

## Sayings and Doings at Home and Abroad.

THE most pathetic and characteristic tribute which Heine's death called forth, was this which was sent to Lord Houghton, an English lady, whose name is not given: "He was at Boulogne a month or two, and I saw him often then, and always remembered with great tenderness the poet who had told me the beautiful stories, and been so kind to me, and so sarcastic to every one else. I never saw him again till I went to Paris three years ago, when I heard that he was dying and very poor. I sent my name, and a message that if he chanced to remember the little girl to whom he told 'Mährchen' years ago at Boulogne, I should like to see him. He sent for me directly, remembered every little incident, and all the people who were in the same inn; a ballad I had sung, which recounted the tragical fate of Ladye Alice and her humble lover, Giles Collins, and ended by Ladye Alice taking only one spoonful of the gruel, 'with sugar and spices so rich,' while after her decease 'the person looked up the rest.' This diverted Heine extremely, and he asked after the person who drank the gruel directly. I, for my part, could hardly speak to him, so shocked was I by his appearance. He lay on a pile of mattresses, his body wasted so that it seemed no bigger than a child under the sheet which covered him—the eyes closed, and the face altogether like the most painful and wasted 'Eros Homo,' ever painted by some old German painter."

The centralization of trade in New York is so decided that nearly all large manufacturers and dealers in other sections now find it necessary to have business branches here. Among the latest instances of this movement is the case of Mssrs. Knabe & Co., of Baltimore, long famous for their superior pianos, but who have hitherto been content to hold forth in the Monumental City only. Not to have recognized place among those scores of piano-makers that now gather in Fifth Avenue and around Union Square, has seemed to Mssrs. Knabe & Co. to argue themselves unknown—a palpable injustice to their noble instrument—and hence we now find them opening what they call "a palatial home for the piano." The location is No. 112 Fifth Avenue, near Sixteenth Street, which, we are told, "for size, commodiousness, and elegance, is remarkable even in this city of business temples. The lofty ceilings, immense space, and excellent acoustical qualities, fit it for a concert-hall, as well as for a piano ware-room, or a trying-place for artists, *improvisés*, and amateurs. The grand, square, and upright, in their most attractive form, with that brilliancy and resonance of tone, and that wonderful singing quality, not in the *ad-espandans* sense in which the word is too often used, may be heard in these handsome ware-rooms."

Few royal families, even in our times when exiles seem to be the normal condition of princes, have met with more vicissitudes than that of the Mexican Iturbides. The first emperor was shot as a traitor in 1824, at Padilla; and Prince Iturbide, his last surviving son, died in humble lodgings in Paris, on the 9th of April. He went to Paris during the Mexican War in 1865, and canvassed the aid of

the American minister in support of his dynasty. The sudden termination of the war leaving him no chance, he resigned himself to a very humble kind of Paris life. He became attached to a house-maid in the Hôtel Espaniol, where he lived for six months; and with her he started a *table d'hôte* on the third floor of the house No. 6 Boulevard Montmartre, where this son of an emperor might often be seen going round the table in person to collect the small charge of one franc, sixty centimes per head. In 1867 he bought a dancing and singing café at Courbevoie, which he sold at a profit the next year. Though not rich enough to live according to his rank, he always had some money, and was very liberal with it to his friends. His funeral, by order of the American consul, General Meredith Read, was conducted with some pomp, and took place at Neuilly.

The scenes of "Black Friday" and other "field-days" in Wall Street, were fully matched in the Vienna Bourse at the beginning of the late panic. Speculators, brokers, and capitalists, seem to have been convinced in a moment of each other's utter untrustworthiness, and the Bourse became a perfect pandemonium. Men cursed one another, shook fists at one another, raged and stamped and tore around as if frenzied. The little bell which rings whenever an insolvency is announced, seemed never to be still; and, before it ceased tinkling, three hundred failures had been recorded. Outside, a miserable crowd had assembled. There were representatives of all classes and callings: ex-princes of the Bourse, chamberlains, billiard-markers, haggard clerks from the government offices, commanding officers, and subalterns, grocers and countesses, servant-maids and singers from the opera. The Bourse had to be closed to stay the tumult and the riot. Lynch-law was openly advocated, and the bearers of the greatest financial names in Vienna had to fly for their lives.

The Levant *Herald* gives an account of the procession of the sultan from the Palace of Dolma Baghché to the imperial summer residence of Teheragan, an event marked by much ceremony. The progress through the village of Beshiktash, which divides the two palaces, was conducted with the stately simplicity which characterizes the movements of the Ottoman sovereign. Troops lined the road on either side, all well-clad, fine-looking men, such as any emperor in the world might feel proud of. Tied by the legs, several choice rams lay ready at the lofty gates of Teheragan, and, as the imperial carriage passed through the archway, the keen knives of the imams were struck into their throats, and the blood spurted forth, flowing in a carmine stream over the white marble pavement, while the voice of prayer was heard invoking divine blessing on the sojourn of the padishah in his summer home. The populace answered "Amen;" the soldiers shouted "Long live the sultan!" the golden gates turned slowly on their hinges, and his majesty was hidden from the sight of the enthusiastic crowds.

In his vigorous and pungent essay on "Liberty, Equality, Fraternity," Mr. Fitzjames Stephen pays his respects to us in the following cordial style. He is asserting the fallacy of the doctrine of human equality, and says: "The success of equality in America is due, I think, mainly to the circumstance that a large number of people, who were substantially equal in all the more important matters, recognized that fact, and did not set up unfounded distinctions. How far they actually are equal now, and how long they will continue to be equal when the population becomes dense, is quite another question. It is also a question, which I cannot do more than glance at in two words in this place, whether the enormous development of equality in America, the rapid production of an immense multitude of commonplace, self-satisfied, and essentially alike people in an exploit which the whole world need fall down and worship."

The *Atkensaw* gives some interesting items concerning the late Mr. Mill. His death was most unexpected, not less to himself than to his friends and the public at large. At the time of his leaving England his health was exceptionally good, and he purposed making, later on in the summer, a long tour in Russia. Of Mr. Mill's books, the "System of Logic" has

always had the largest sale, and is now in its eighth edition. "The Subjection of Women" went in a short time through two large editions, and then suddenly all demand for the work ceased. Just before he stood for Westminster, the "People's Edition" of three of his principal political works was published, which had immediately a very large circulation, and no doubt materially influenced his election, while his election increased the sale of all his books. Mr. Mill was never editor of the *Westminster Review*, as has been reported, but he was proprietor of it for four years, from 1837 to 1841.

In discussing Sir Charles Dilke's bill for the equalization of election districts in England, the *Spectator* says that, "so far from desiring the advent of the time

"When each fair burgh, numerically free,  
Shall choose its members by the rule of three,"  
political speculators have seen with pain and alarm the growing restriction of parliamentary character to one or two familiar types. Parliament is assuming with disastrous rapidity the resemblance of a big vestry. The new men are nearly all local notabilities, without even a pretension to political consequence, except as an accession to the voting power of one side or the other. There is hardly a trace of the large ambition which is the root of statesmanship in the candidates whom constituencies nowadays are delighted to honor, hardly a sign of any thing nobler than an appetite for social distinction, or a more respectable devotion to a party or a crotchet." It thinks "there is abundant evidence that this degeneracy is progressive;" and that "the wealthy nonentities and do-nothings will muster in the next Parliament in even larger numbers than in the present."

The comic papers of Vienna are filled with satires of the fabulous prices put on things in that city since the opening of the exposition. One represents a stranger stalking away naked from a restaurant, where he has left purse and garments in payment for a dinner; another shows a waiter bringing a bill about ten feet long, and the guest, in despair, jumping out of the window; another, again, has a waiter—an exquisite picture of supercilious condescension—saying, "Here's a glass of water, sir!" while the alarmed and embarrassed stranger replies: "I'd like to have one, but—really—I'm afraid I can't afford it." Some of the dialogues represent the waiter as adding five or ten kreuzers after every dish, in order to "round off," or make even sums, while another, after counting a small piece of boiled beef at one florin, asks the guest, "Was it good?" and when the latter answers "Yes," adds, "One florin more!"

Father Beckx, the General of the Jesuits, is described by a recent visitor as a short, narrow-chested man of seventy, with pale and tranquil countenance, "whose whole life seemed to concentrate itself in his expressive gray eyes, shaded by long, black lashes, and always bent to the ground, except when he is addressing you." He was dressed at the time of the visit in a long, loose robe, which he held together over his chest with his left hand. "The general's head is high and narrow, and its baldness is concealed by a black skull-cap; his brown hair, interspersed here and there with a thread of silver, is brushed back from his temples behind his ears, and a sharp, prominent nose, and thin, bloodless lips complete this very characteristic but unattractive countenance." The father is a native of Belgium, but he resided in Germany for a long time, and speaks French and German with equal fluency.

Joseph Arch, president of the English Agricultural Laborers' Union, in giving testimony, the other day, before a parliamentary committee on the game-laws, expressed the opinion that poaching was no crime whatever, and said that, if his family were in want of food, he would most certainly kill for them either a rabbit, a hare, or a pheasant. He did not approve of trespassing, because no man had a right to infringe upon or take possession of that which was not his own. It was impossible to tell, however, who were the real owners of hares and rabbits, and he thought any man ought to be able to kill and appropriate game whenever he could come across it without trespassing.

This is subversive doctrine, but there is no doubt that it expresses the practical belief of the vast body of the class which Mr. Arch represents.

A case came up recently in the British Admiralty Court, which involved the international standing of the Khédive of Egypt. The judgment entered with great minuteness into the past and present political history of Egypt, and the following conclusions were arrived at: 1. That in the firmans, whose authority is paramount, Egypt is always spoken of as one of the provinces of the Ottoman Empire. 2. That the Egyptian army is regulated as part of the military forces of the empire. 3. That the taxes are levied in the name of the Porte. 4. That the treaties of the Porte are binding upon Egypt, and that she has no separate *jus legislatio*. 5. That the flag of both the army and navy is the flag of the Porte. On all these grounds the court was of opinion that the khédive is not a sovereign prince.

"It costs as much," says the Rev. Henry Morgan, "to launch a woman on the sea of life in these times as it would to fit out a small schooner." As to sails, cordage, pennants, and streamers, the difference, he thinks, is in favor of the schooner. "As to her outfit, she has to be freighted with bonnets, veils, necklaces, ear-rings, pins, chains, bracelets, rings, ruffles, bows, bands, buttons, loops, folds, piping, plaits, silks, muslins, laces, fans, boots, slippers, parasols, collars, cuffs, nets, chignons, water-falls, 'rata,' 'mice,' braids, frizzles, puffs, curls, panier, tourne, and Grecian bend. What a cargo," ejaculated Mr. Morgan, "was this for such a small vessel! Few are the underwriters who take the risk in such a craft, and few were the men who would marry this 'Dolly Varden walking advertisement'."

A strange sort of riot occurred lately in Bombay about a piece of ground lying near the Towers of Silence, on whose summits the Parsees expose their dead by way of restoring the earthly fabric to the supernal elements. Certain persons, having obtained possession of this ground as the rightful owners, determined to build upon it, and ran up sheds and huts for the workmen. The lower order of Parsees, deeming this sacrilege, worked themselves into a religious frenzy, seized upon the disputed spot in considerable force, and, after a fight with bludgeons, smashed every thing they could lay hands on. When the police arrived, they barricaded themselves in the Towers of Silence, and were only dislodged after a severe conflict.

Another theatre will be erected in New York this summer, on the corner of Twenty-second Street and Broadway. It is to be first class in all respects, and among the improvements to be introduced will be such a disposition of the orchestra that it will be entirely out of sight, with the exception of the leader, thus preventing the attention of the audience from being distracted and confused by that spiked vegetation of fiddle-bows which usually hugs the footlights. The prompter will occupy a seat facing the stage, and by means of simple mechanical contrivances, will have full control of lights, scene changes, and all the business of the stage. The price of admission will be the same to all parts of the house.

The attention of the medical world abroad has been aroused by the new treatment of cancer, introduced in London by a Hungarian physician named Grob. He contends that cancer is not a local but a general disease; that it arises from the presence of a poison in the system; and that the knife will never cure the disease, but only postpone its fatal effect. His remedy consists in setting up another disease — fever — under the influence of which, the blood — poison, which causes the cancer, is thrown off. It is said that he has made some marvellous cures.

It is reported that Mr. George Smith, the special explorer of the London *Telegraph* in Assyria, has found the king's library at Nineveh, and discovered numerous valuable fragments of ancient record, particularly the missing portions of the broken tablet in the British Museum, containing the Chaldean account of the Deluge.

An experienced Delaware fruit-grower has reached some conclusions which couldn't be

wiser if they had come from Solomon. These conclusions are, that shipping poor fruit in bad order will not pay expenses, however scarce fruit may be; that shipping good fruit, carefully selected, will pay, no matter how fully the market is supplied; and that shipping poor fruit, carefully picked and packed, will pay better than shipping good fruit carelessly packed and in bad condition.

An interesting exhibit of the comparative popularity of Dickens's works in this country, is shown in the sales of one of the most popular editions. According to this, "David Copperfield" stands at the head of the list, "Christmas Stories" second, "Pickwick Papers" third, and then "Nicholas Nickleby," "Oliver Twist," and "Dombeey and Son." The "Tale of Two Cities" is at the foot.

Too great loneliness rises to the point of misfortune even in a court of law, as was proved by an Iowa maiden, who sued a young man recently for kissing her against her will. The judge could not in conscience fine the man for doing what he did; for, said his honor, "I have been obliged to hold on to the arms of my chair to keep from kissing the complainant myself."

It is announced that Garibaldi has just completed a book, in which he will present to the world his own account of his doings in the Italian Peninsula, during the campaign which resulted in the overthrow of Francis II. and the dissolution of the Neapolitan kingdom. It will be published as soon as arrangements can be made for simultaneous editions in Italy, England, and America.

The *Full Mall Gazette* thinks that, in view of the diminution of crime in London, "the burglarious tendencies of the police leave no consolation, but that, if crime goes on diminishing at this rate, it will soon be reduced to a minimum, and, that minimum being confined to the force, we shall only have to imprison our constables to realize the full blessings of the millennium."

Lord Houghton says it was not Sydney Smith who replied to Landseer's proposal to paint his portrait. "Is thy servant a dog, that he should do this thing?" The answer, he says, was Lockhart's.

*Punch* gives the following as an example of self-sacrifice: Boy (to lady visitor): "Teacher, there's a gal over there a-winkin' at me!" Teacher: "Well, then, don't look at her." Boy: "But, if I don't look at her, she'll wink at somebody else!"

The identity of the man in the iron mask is one of those mysteries which refuse to stay settled, and the *World* thinks that "solutions are still in order," notwithstanding M. Jung's apparently conclusive work.

The *Spectator* says it would be more manly in Prince Bismarck to make the observance of the Roman Catholic religion in Germany penal at once, "that being evidently the goal to which cautious advances are being made."

The *Tribune* speaks of the Comte de Chambord, the most noted pretender to the French throne, as "a stray ghost of the middle ages."

A descendant of Eugene Aram lives in California, and declares that great injustice was done his ancestor in Bulwer's novel.

## The Record.

### A WEEKLY RETROSPECT OF EVENTS.

MAY 30.—Conflagration in Boston. Twenty-seven buildings destroyed, including the Globe Theatre, Chickering & Sons' warehouse, the Freeman's National Bank, and the International Hotel. Loss more than \$1,250,000. Five firemen killed by falling walls.

Colliery explosion near Wigan, England, killing six miners and destroying much property. General Du Barail appointed Minister of War in France. The rebuilding of the Column Vendôme voted by the French National Assembly.

The Spanish Admiral Topete released by the Madrid Government from imprisonment.

JUN 1.—Señor Orense elected President of the Spanish Cortes. Carlists under Tristany and Don Alfonso defeated in Barcelona. Charles Bradlaugh, the English radical, released by the Carlists.

Intelligence of a revolution in Entre Ríos, in the Argentine Republic.

Governor McEnery issues an address to the people of Louisiana, advising submission to the Kellogg government until the meeting of Congress.

JUN 1.—Death, at Halifax, of Hon. Joseph Howe, Lieutenant-Governor of Nova Scotia.

Intelligence of the murder and mutilation of twenty whites by Feejee-islanders.

Surrender of Captain Jack, with several of his remaining followers, at Willow Creek, Oregon.

JUN 2.—Intelligence of the surrender of thirty-four Modocs, at Willow Creek, on the 29th ult.

Ex-Congressman John A. Bingham appointed minister to Japan, vice De Long, suspended.

JUN 3.—General Ladmirault appointed commander of the army of Versailles.

General Nouvillas reported in possession of the passes in Biscay, and driving the Carlists toward the coast.

Railroad accident at Cape Town, Ont.; twenty-five passengers injured.

Mansfield Tracy Walworth, a novelist, shot dead by his son, Frank H. Walworth, at the Sturtevant House, New York.

Modoc war ended by the surrender of the last of the Modocs to Brigadier-General Ross, at Lost River Springs, Oregon.

Forest-fires raging in Nova Scotia, from John River to Black.

JUN 4.—Death, at Paris, of Philippe Edward Pouletet, Count de Verneuil, an eminent naturalist, and member of the French Institute. Intelligence of the death of Lord William Paget, of the British Navy.

Dispatch of the capture of the city of Tali-foo, in the Yunnan province, China, by the imperial troops, and the massacre of thirty thousand of the Mohammedan inhabitants.

Advices of the wreck of the missionary-ship *Dayspring*, in the New Hebrides; also of the schooner *Jane*, on New-London Cape, Prince Edward Island, on 17th ult., four persons perishing.

The Carlists attack Irun, capturing forty carabiniers. Battle reported between Dorregary and fifteen hundred republicans.

Dispatch of the killing of thirty-nine insurgents in the Guarimaro and Lazaro Mountains, Cuba, and the capture by the Spanish of Colonel Felix Aguirre.

JUN 5.—Intelligence that a Dutch man-of-war had fired into three British merchant-vessels on their leaving the harbor of Atcheen.

The American department of the Vienna Exposition opened.

Governor Straw, of New Hampshire, inaugurated.

Death, at Rome, of Urbano Ratazzi, the Italian statesman.

JUN 6.—Dispatch of a battle in the Beraja Mountains, in Cuba; seventy-four insurgents killed; Spanish loss, nineteen killed and forty-two wounded. Intelligence that Don Alfonso had levied a year's tax upon the city of Monistrol de Menserrat, in Barcelona.

Report that the Yankton Indians were on the war-path contradicted by the government agent.

Advices of the disappearance of yellow fever from Rio Janeiro and the Rio de la Plata.

## The Museum.

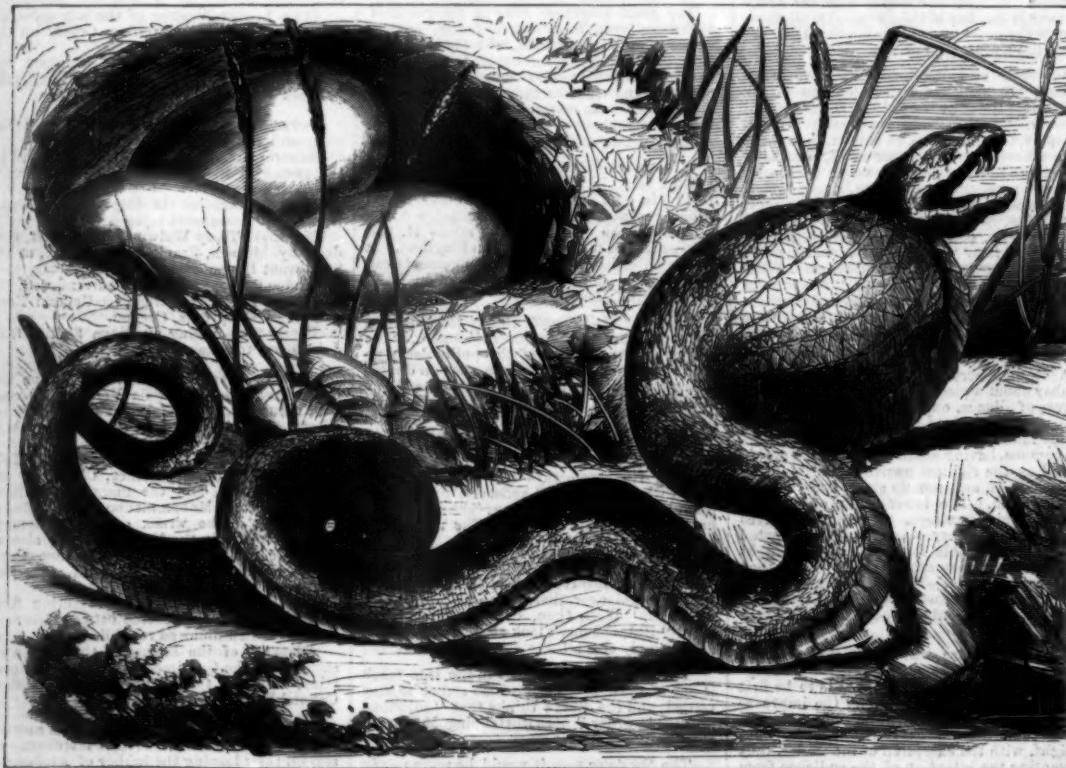
### The Egg-Eater.

THERE is a strange anatomical formation about snakes. The upper and lower jaws are not hinged. A very good example is figured in this paper—the *Dasyppeltis scaber*, or the egg-eater of South Africa; we believe it is a native of Natal. The drawing is the size of

the original, from a specimen in the British Museum. It gives a capital idea of the swallowing power of a snake. Here is a little reptile not more than a foot long, the mouth not an inch when wide open, swallowing an egg, the size of an ordinary hen's-egg, without breaking it! We can imagine, by the example given, if a snake of only twelve inches long can swallow intact an egg nearly a fourth of his own length, and more than three times his own width, what a boa can do in the way of gorging, that is nearly twenty-five feet in length, and of proportionate thickness. We can even believe Prince Maurice, of Nassau-Siegen, one of the governors of Brazil, in the

seventeenth century, who assures us that he himself was an eye-witness of stags and other large animals, and last, but not least, a Dutch woman, being swallowed "holus bolus"—as an old sailor friend of ours used to say when he desired us to take one of his yarns down in one gulp. The mode in which these reptiles swallow their food is simple: They commence by getting the head within their throat, and while the teeth of one jaw adhere to the prey, the other jaw makes a forward movement, the teeth of which draw the object inward, till by this action of the jaws, and chiefly the under one, deglutition is effected, an abundant supply of saliva being at the same time poured

out upon the victim. It must be remembered that these serpents crush their food before eating it. We wonder if they feel any pleasure during the time they are digesting their food, for the eating must be hard work, and they deserve some reward for all their trouble. We have no doubt the process of digesting is a very pleasant time to them. How some of our great *gourmands* would enjoy it, to be sure! Fancy the sensation of constantly eating for a whole month! If our readers be stimulated to study the habits and harmlessness (except the viper) of serpents, they will remove much culpable ignorance which prevails in country places.—"The Animal World."



THE EGG-EATER.

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